

SELECT REVIEWS,

FOR MAY, 1810.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Modern Times; or, Anecdotes of the English Family. 3 vols. pp. 800. Price 15s.
London. 1809.

OUR time has been seldom taken up in noticing what are denominated novels; their general insipidity and mawkishness tending rather to deprave than to improve the state of society; but as this work has nothing about it of the usual routine of lovesick stories of modern romance; as we recognise many of the principal characters and incidents to be real; and as their arrangement is only intended as a vehicle to convey remarks on the follies, frivolities, and fashions of the times, we with pleasure present our readers with an extract, that they may be enabled to judge for themselves on the merit of a production, for which, the author remarks, his reward will be sufficient, "if his readers will correct, in their own conduct, what they perceive amiss in the delineations here exhibited to them; and imitate whatsoever they find recorded in the narrative, either virtuous or praiseworthy."

The hero of the piece is sir Philip English, who is drawn with the characteristic of an old-fashioned Englishman, but of whom, we are inclined and glad to think, that he represents a numerous family among us. His sister, Mrs. Burrows, has likewise her share in the drama; the other characters consist of lady B. Mr. Middleman, col. Courtly, sir Nathan Caper, Agamemnon, adm. Ortolan, counsellor Collis, lord Ri-

vulet, old Lamprey, Mrs. Chaloner, Dr. Burgos, Mr. Goodwill, Mr. Halford, lord Avonside, Mr. Skiddaw, Mr. Worth, Dr. Destiny, lord Kilberry, Jammy Kittrick, Mr. Golder, sig. Papillio, and the surgeon who put his nose into an affair of honour; all of which are real characters (though clothed with the preceding names) with whose oddities, eccentricities, and prevailing perfections or weaknesses, the writer has enlivened his work; "dwelling sometimes upon small matters, being of opinion," says he, "with Plutarch, that little circumstances show the real man better than things of greater moment."

As a specimen of the author's manner, we select the account of sir Philip English and Mrs. Burrow's visit to a celebrated institution at the west end of the town.

"After this adventure [the hurly burly at Covent Garden theatre] all thoughts of visiting places of publick amusement during the short period of their intended stay in town, were entirely laid aside: and sir Philip would have been perfectly content to pass the following evening in conversation with his domestick circle, if Mr. Worth had not accidentally met with an acquaintance who pressed him with so much earnestness to bring his friend, the baronet, to a meeting of a scientifick society which was to be held the same day, that he made it a particular point to prevail on sir Philip English to accompany him.

"The baronet consented; more through

the respect which he bore to Mr. Worth than from any expectation of deriving either entertainment or pleasure from the company into which he was to be introduced; being apprehensive that their erudition might restrain the good humour and conviviality of the meeting. Mr. Worth himself was, indeed, unable to inform his friend of the precise nature of the institution which they were about to visit. He understood that it consisted of a number of eminent, literary characters, and that their meetings were designed to promote the improvement and diffusion of scientific information: but to what branches of knowledge the attention of the society was particularly directed, his acquaintance had not informed him. From the rank and character of the members, he, however, entertained no doubt that the establishment was at once highly useful and respectable.

"On their arrival at the place of meeting, they were not a little surprised, on presenting their tickets at the door, to be ushered into a room which bore a near resemblance to one of the larger coffee-houses; and the company already assembled in it gave them so imperfect an idea of a scientific institution, that they could scarcely persuade themselves they had not made some mistake in their introduction.

"A number of newspapers were scattered over the tables in the room, and these, together with a few political tracts and pamphlets, furnished matter for general conversation, much in the same way as in places of the description above alluded to; and the debates which arose upon the various topics of discussion, were conducted exactly in a similar manner.

"Whilst sir Philip English was endeavouring to reconcile what he saw, with the ideas he had previously formed of what he was to expect, at a meeting of the literati of the metropolis, the gentleman, who had presented Mr. Worth with tickets of admission, entered the apartment, accompanied by a little man with a huge port folio under his arm; whom he immediately introduced to the company by the appellation of signor Papillio. This ceremonial gone through, Mr. Worth embraced the first moment which afforded him an opportunity of speaking with his acquaintance, to inquire, if the whole of the entertainment was to consist in reading and commenting upon the newspapers? 'Fye upon it, Mr. Worth,' replied the gentleman; 'that would be a poor return for a subscription of twenty thousand pounds per annum! No! no! we do not meet for nothing. We shall present you

this evening with two lectures, and afterwards a handsome supper.'

"Mr. Worth had just time to revive the expectations and curiosity of sir Philip English, with this intelligence, before the ringing of a small bell announced the commencement of the lectures.

"The company proceeded into a spacious apartment, fitted up with great elegance, and seemingly calculated rather for ease and luxury, than the mere purposes of study: however, the rules of the ancients in this respect were wholly neglected, and the only monument of their wisdom, which it had been judged proper to retain, was the Egyptian style of the furniture and ornaments of the room. If the peripateticks, or Socratick philosophers, could take a peep at our modern Athens, how much would they envy the refinement of these times, in which, instead of subjecting the student to corporeal hardships and privations, in order to improve his mind, the practice is directly reversed, and all the soft *appliances* of luxurious indulgence are afforded to the body, that the intellectual powers may be exerted with the more zeal and activity!

"If sir Philip English was a little vexed to observe the lectorial chair occupied by signor Papillio, he was not a little disappointed, when, after some introductory observations on the utility of natural history, the lecturer proceeded to an analysis of the colouring matter which adheres to the wings of moths and butterflies, and, by an easy transition, directed the attention of his auditors to a proposal for fabricating a species of silk from the spider's web, by which the ingenious projector undertook to employ all the manufacturers which the decline of trade at Coventry, Derby, and Nottingham, had occasioned to be discharged. This interesting plan included a scheme for the encouragement of the growth of spiders, to which, signor Papillio said, an increase of the window tax would admirably contribute: and that the only additional resource which he deemed necessary for the purpose of furnishing the quantity of web requisite for the completion of the undertaking, might be obtained by circular letters to the bishops and parochial clergy to prohibit the use of hair brooms in places of publick worship; a measure on which he laid the more stress, in consequence of the stagnation of trade with Russia. The lecture closed with the outlines of another plan, not less important than the former; namely, the discovery of a process by which Paris plaster might be used instead of flower, and made a substitute for bread.

"Greatly edified by this elaborate dis-

course, that part of the company who had been able to resist the influence of Morpheus aided by the somniferous effect of downy cushions, lights admirably secluded from irritating the organ of vision; and the exactest temperature of the apartment, descended into the laboratory, where a series of experiments were exhibited to prove the practicability of superseding the use of lamp oil by means of a portion of Thames water, which, after being subjected to a curious process, was to be enclosed in a small, metallick tube, and thus become not only capable of ignition, but of giving light at the distance of several furlongs. The principal objection hitherto urged against the adoption of this mode of lighting the streets of the metropolis (for the proofs of its practicability were deemed so clear as to admit of no doubt) was, that an unpleasant smell was diffused by the process, which induced some persons of more than usual delicacy, to prefer the ordinary method.

"To remedy this inconvenience, the inventor suggested the advantage of a subscription, by which he should be enabled to substitute an odorous spirit, known amongst the Romans by the denomination of *liquor vesicæ*, and thus establish the reputation of this invaluable discovery, beyond the possibility of future objections: and a single still erected in each of the principal streets, as the conduits formerly were, he thought sufficient for the above purpose.

"The company in general appeared highly delighted with this suggestion, and even sir Philip English, though he did not exactly comprehend the arguments by which it was supported, was inclined to give the lecturer credit for the fertility of his invention, until an old gentleman, who sat by, drily remarked, that the idea was by no means original. 'These Italians,' said he, 'are the greatest thieves and plagiarists in Europe. The thought,' addressing himself to sir Philip English, 'is entirely borrowed from the suggestion of colonel George Hanger, who, in his life, published several years ago, proposed a method of converting a fluid, of which thousands of gallons are thrown away daily in the metropolis alone, to a purpose equally important as that mentioned by signor Papillio. But the ministry at that time were not so liberal in their grants to projectors, and therefore did not encourage it: whilst it is ten to one but this *foreigner* gets a large subscription in support of his scheme, from weak lords and ignorant citizens, who, without the least smat-

tering of science, are ambitious of being thought the patrons of it.'

"The lecturer having concluded, the majority of the company withdrew; but sir Philip and Mr. Worth, with a select party, in number about twenty, remained to partake of supper, which was soon afterwards served up, in a very elegant style.

"The entertainments of the evening had presented a series of wonders to the mind of the baronet, who sometimes attributed his own surprise to an almost entire seclusion from the company of men of erudition, and sometimes ventured to condemn the taste of *modern times* as frivolous and absurd: but the method of terminating the evening by a comfortable repast was perfectly intelligible to him; and it was so truly British, that he sat down to table with great good humour. Here, however, a species of disappointment arose, which not a little annoyed him; for although accustomed to the luxuries of an elegant table, there was not a single dish before him, of which he could guess the description.

"Mr. Worth, who was seated at the opposite side of the table, was in a similar predicament: but, having the advantage of signor Papillio on his right hand, soon obtained a sufficient account of the cookery and the entertainment, to deter him from venturing to taste any thing but the most simple fare.

"In the mean time, sir Philip English, being destitute of any clue to the culinary secrets of *the institution*, looked around him in hopes of discovering some indication by which he might be led to a proper selection of some of the *dainties* before him.

"The learned have defined man to be an *imitative* animal: asserting, that other creatures are directed by instinct to the choice or rejection of the food presented to them, and are wholly uninfluenced by the example of the animal creation, but that the human race have no such guide, but follow one another in habits the most unreasonable and injurious, merely from the force of example.

"It was, perhaps, in obedience to this peculiarity of the human economy, that sir Philip English, observing most of the company cast their eyes upon a large dish near the centre of the table, and appeared eager to partake of its contents, sent his plate for a slice. The baronet was still at a loss to know whether it was to be eaten alone, or what sauce it required, and he had so much of the *mauvaise honte* about him, that he was afraid of exposing his ignorance before so large a company by

any inquiry. In form and consistence it bore a pretty near resemblance to a piece of soap, and when at length he ventured to put a bit into his mouth, he found that it was nearly as disagreeable in flavour; possessing an intermixture of saline brackishness, with a pungent bitter blended with a sort of musty rancidity.

"Sir Philip could not, without difficulty, withhold his execration of such cookery; and the sentiments of the rest of the company seemed to be in unison with his feelings; for many of them began to express their dissatisfaction.

"Pray, count," said the old gentleman (who had before animadverted upon the hydrogeneous experiment) now addressing himself to the chairman, 'is this cursed stuff your famous Walcheren bread? Of all the villanous combinations of taste and smell I ever met with, this positively is the most disgusting. Here, waiter, take away the plate, and bring me a glass of brandy, this instant.'

"My dear doctor," replied the count, 'I am not surprised at your remark; but I assure you, that when it is a little more familiar to the palate, the flavour you now complain of, will be found quite agreeable. However, I ought to have informed you, that it is rendered much pleasanter by the addition of a little *fish oil*, and as the use of it is designed chiefly for sailors in long voyages, and that article is very cheap, if my plan of feeding the navy should be adopted, it will reduce the ordinary expenses of that department surprisingly.'

"I think it would," rejoined the doctor, 'and probably supersede the necessity of a medical establishment; for this is kitchen-physick with a vengeance.'

"The count entreated the company to suspend their judgment on his *new bread*, until they had tasted another batch of it, and in the next place, directed their attention to a huge pickle pot, which, he said, contained poultry, fish, and game, preserved in the most exquisite manner, and intended for the use of the army as well as the navy.

"Is this your invention likewise?" said the doctor.

"I cannot claim that honour," replied the count. 'The process was discovered by lord Avonside, in the course of his lordship's chymical researches into the nature of acids and alkalis, preparatory to the establishment of his clay and soap manufactory. Pray, gentlemen, allow me to send you some of this turkey.'

"The pickle was accordingly handed round; the count having apprised the company, that this plan also was of an economi-

cal kind, and that a single ounce of a chicken, thus preserved, would support a sailor or soldier equally to his usual ration of beef or mutton.

"The doctor at first objected to try any more experiments, but being urged by the count and some of the rest of the gentlemen present, to give his opinion respecting the wholesomeness of the pickle, took a mouthful of it.

"Sir Philip English quietly waited for the doctor's sentiments before he ventured to follow the example: and it was well he did so; for the extreme poignancy of the preparation produced such a fit of coughing and sneezing, that it was a long time before the old gentleman recovered himself sufficiently to express his most unqualified disapprobation and disgust.

"Worthy sir," said lord Avonside, who, unknown to the doctor, was among the company all the time, 'you took too large a mouthful; the smallest portion of it is sufficient; and, *upon my honour*, it is a most economical plan.'

"There is no doubt of it, my lord," replied the physician, 'as it is *your* invention: but having been called upon for my opinion, I must tell your lordship, as well as the rest of the company, that, *of all the pursuits of the ignorant and the vain, there is none so reprehensible as those which endanger the lives of the human race, and at the same time, bring disgrace upon science.*'

"The next day, when sir Philip English was attempting to describe the entertainments, or, as he commonly, and perhaps properly, styled them, the *diversions* of the preceding evening; and lamenting the puerile conceits of an *enlightened people*, in an *enlightened age*, an acquaintance, who happened to drop in, raised the astonishment and disgust of the worthy baronet to a still higher pitch. This gentleman informed him, that the institution, which he had visited, was not only esteemed an object of great national importance by the titled inhabitants of Hill street and Grosvenor square, but that the grave citizens of Cheapside and Leadenhall street were so much delighted with the hope of superseding the necessity of boarding schools for their daughters, and private tutors for their sons, by a similar establishment, at the east end of the town, that they had made a subscription in order to purchase the site of Bedlam Hospital for that purpose; and that apartments for the different professors were already prepared, in the still remaining wing of that building: that which was formerly appropriated for incurables!"

Allusion is made in the course of the work to a late celebrated duel, in which Lamprey remarks to the police-runners, "that they would

have been hanged, if they had stopped privy counsellors in the discharge of their duty!"

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

The Itinerant; or, Memoirs of an Actor. By S. W. Ryley. 3 vols. 1808. London,—Philadelphia, republished by J. and A. Y. Humphreys, 2 vols. 12mo. Price 2 dolls.

WE have seldom perused a work of more amusement than this. If we allow Mr. Ryley to have seen only half what he relates, he has seen enough. We cannot, indeed, assent unconditionally to the assurance in the preface, that the "incidents are founded on facts;" for we consider the episode of Camelford and his associates as altogether improbable, though highly amusing and interesting as a narrative. Several other parts too of the work, bear the impress of invention: yet, with all these deductions, there remains enough of reality to give zest to the whole.

We consider Mr. Ryley as possessing very considerable powers of lively narration. His language is easy and natural, and his delineation of character is often excellent. His morality too is good, and his humanity is unequivocally displayed.

The following narrative will exhibit our author's manner:—

"As we reclined on a bank, close by the pathway, an old soldier, whose silver hair and cleanly appearance commanded respect, and who had lost a leg and an eye in the service of his country, limped along, and as he passed, requested our honours would bestow a copper, to purchase tobacco. With an irresistible impulse, I dropped my last sixpence into his hat, whilst my prudent friend, whose father presided as head of the parish, examined the veteran on points of parochial import. 'Why did he beg? the laws of this country made ample provision for the poor; and for the disabled soldier, a pension might be obtained by proper application.' 'Why, I'll tell your honours. As

to Chelsea, I've got that; but seven pounds a year won't go far now a days; and as to the parish, damme if ever I trouble it again. That is the place,' looking back at the village, whilst the tear stood in his eye, 'which gave me birth. With an intention to end my days there, about a month since I took a garret, and said to myself: Jerome, thou mayst rest thy old bones; for with the assistance of a trifle from the parish, thy small remnant of life will pass in comfort. But, gemmen, I was reckoning without my host. The heart of a parish officer is as hard as the butt end of a musket; they've killed poor Bibo, and old Jerome's turned out to beg his bread.'

"The old soldier seemed much agitated in uttering the last sentence, and as we were at a loss to understand what was meant by 'killing Bibo,' I requested him to be more explicit. 'Why thus it is, your honours; it's damn'd foolish for an old soldier to stand whimpering like a woman; but when I think of Bibo, though he was but a brute, and had not a soul to be saved, I can't help chuckling. I believe there's one quid left in the corner of my box,' saying this, he cramed the tobacco into his mouth, wiped his eye, squirted out a quantity of saliva, and proceeded—'Twenty four years I served under the brave captain Howard, in the 5th regiment of foot, and a better gemman, God rest his soul, never lived; the last six years of his life, he took me into his house as a kind of *valedy sham*. He had no family except Bibo, a Newfoundland dog, which he loved like a child; for when the noble captain served abroad he once fell overboard, and Bibo saved his life. His honour was not very rich. He was too generous to be rich; it was as much as he could do to make both ends meet. However, he took care to keep Bibo as fat as a pig; and I've often heard him say, if he died first, he'd leave Bibo a fortune; but Lord help him, he had no fortune to leave, for when he

lay on his death bed, he ordered me to sell his gold watch to buy nourishment. 'Jerome,' said he, 'take care of my dog. The life that he once saved I am going to resign into the hands of him that made us both.' He soon after died, and Bibo was left to my care. I had some regard, gemmen, you will think, for the poor animal, for you know the old saying, 'love me, love my dog,' and though I had nothing left but my pension, I thought if I retired to my own village, I might be able to live, as I said before, with a little help from the parish; so after the funeral, I set off with Bibo at my heels, determined to beg as soon as my money was done, which could not last long, being only a new crown piece the captain gave me, and six pennyworth of copper, to travel seventy miles. Perhaps, gemmen, you are tired; I'd better be hobbling on, it will do *you* no good to *hear* my story, and it grieves *me* to *tell* it.

"We assured him we were much interested, and begged he would proceed. 'Well then, thus it is; but if you please I'll sit down, because you know, your honours, when a man has but one leg, he can't stand so well as if he had two! Ah I shall never forget the day I lost the fellow to this; it was taken off by a shot at Bunker's Hill. As I lay on the ground, the captain passing by me as he left the field (for you see our forces were on the retreat, and it was as much as his life was worth to stay a minute) got me by the hand, and said: 'Jerome, God bless thee,' and may God bless *him*, and he *will* bless him too; for I can tell your honours—'

"We now reminded him, that in his affection for his master, he seemed to have forgotten the sequel to Bibo. 'Very true, very true,' running his finger round his empty box, in hopes of finding another quid, 'very true, I had got a little out of the road to be sure; Bunker's Hill is not the way to Saddleworth. Well then, gemmen, thus it is; old Jerome hobbled on pretty stoutly, and Bibo waddled after, at the rate of about one mile an hour. To make short of my story, the crown piece lasted till we reached Manchester. There I began to beg for the first time. But I can't tell how it was: whether, not being used to the *trade*, I set about it *clumsily*, I don't know; but no one would give me a farthing. It's very hard, thought I, that an old soldier, who has lost a leg and an eye in defence of his country, should find no one willing to give him a trifle, to help him on the road. At length, an old lady approached, and was in the act of presenting something, when Bibo caught her eye. She asked 'whose dog he was?' 'mine, an'

please your ladyship.' 'Indeed!' said she, drawing her hand away, 'if you can afford to keep a dog, you can't want my assistance.'—'Poor Bibo!' said I. Bibo heard me—looked up, and wagged his tail; 'aye, aye, poor fellow! wag away,' thought I, 'if I can get thee to my own parish, thou shalt be safely laid up for life. Would you believe it, gemmen? I did not get one half-penny the whole day. Some talked of a *pass*; others threatened the *New Bailey*; neither Bibo nor myself had tasted since morning; night was coming on; no place of shelter appeared ready to receive our weary limbs; as I leaned on my crutch, debating, Bibo shook himself, as much as to say: 'Jerome it's very cold,' when the noise of a new brass collar, the captain bought just before he died, put a thought in my head, that procured us meat, drink, and lodging. That collar, said I to myself, is of no use: better for Bibo to be without *collar* than without *meat*. So I took it off, went to a shop, and sold it for fifteen pence; though it had cost five shillings not a month before. With this money I purchased the following articles: four pennyworth of cheese, a pint of beer, a twopenny straw bed, and three pennyworth of tobacco.

"Refreshed, and praising God for all things, we set off at five o'clock the next morning, and by night reached my native place. Twenty five years ago I took on to be a soldier; during that time, nearly all my friends were dead; those who remained, not knowing me, would render me no assistance, except a night's lodging, and advised an immediate application to the parish. Seeing how matters were, I waited on the *commanding officer*, and made known my situation. Says I: 'Your honour,' for I thought I'd honour him, though he was but a tailor—so, 'your honour,' says I, 'my name is Jeromy Antrobus; my father was sexton of this parish for forty years; I've been twenty five years in the army; lost a leg and an eye, as you see, and am laid by as useless, with a pension of seven pounds a year; but that, you know, is not enough to keep soul and body together; so I'm come to your honour for a little relief to help out with.' Now it rained very hard, gemmen, and, standing with my hat off, almost bald, as you see, I asked leave to walk in; for he peeped out at a little wicket casement, which, I am told, goes by the name of the *Devil's Picture-frame*, amongst the poor. However, I was not admitted; but he held out his hand, and dropped into my hat eighteen pennyworth of bad copper, saying, 'he knew nothing about me, but would call at my quarters.' I am told he makes a pretty penny of these bad half-

pence; for he buys them in at ten shillings in the pound, and makes the poor take them for their full value.

"Next day, this d——d tailor called; God forgive me, I can't help swearing when I think of him; the curse of the poor will follow him to the grave; I say, gemmen, he came to my quarters, and the churchwarden with him. I had just breakfasted on three parts of a basin of milk and bread, and Bibo was eating up the fourth, when the tailor, as stiff as buckram, came into the cellar. As soon as he saw the dog, he exclaimed: 'What! a pauper keep a dog at the expense of the parish!' With these words, he up with his stick and gave the poor brute such a blow under the ear, that he dropped, and never rose again.

"You may think, gemmen, an old soldier would not sit long quiet in a situation of this kind; so I made shift to shoulder my stick, and, with the first volley, brought down the tailor's hat and wig; but before I could rally my forces for another attack, they beat a retreat; and it would have done your hearts good, to have heard the churchwarden, and the overseer, calling for assistance against a poor cripple, who had but one leg to stand upon. A mob was soon collected, who, being properly informed how matters stood, cursed the hard hearted village tyrant, made a grave for my poor Bibo, which I soaked with my tears; and am now, as you see, tracing my weary way back to Manchester."

"The veteran drew his hand across his eyes, rose up, and prepared for his departure. My friend rose at the same time: 'Stop, honest Jerome! perhaps we may have it in our power to serve you; all overseers are not cursed with the disposition of neighbour Staytape.' By this time my companion had torn a leaf out of his pocket book, and hastily sketched a few lines with a pencil. 'About a mile hence, at the foot of yonder hill, you see a white house. Take this note as directed, and in an hour I shall be there myself.—The old soldier placed the note in his empty tobacco box, and, with 'God bless your honours,' slowly hobbled on his way.

"After a pause, my friend William said, with a sigh: 'Here is another proof of the depravity of human nature. I believe this poor man's story; for I know the tailor well; he is a wretch! Constant in all the outward forms of religion, he turns over the leaves of his prayer-book, and is louder than any of the congregation in vociferating its contents; yet, the first of all Christian virtues, charity, he is as much a stranger to, as if he had never heard the name.'

The following presents a different kind of writing:

"Many of my theatrical readers will remember PENN with some degree of pleasure; for he was an actor above the common stamp. He had the grand requisites: an expressive eye; features well calculated to portray the passions; and a strong, articulate voice. In opposition to these advantages, his person was awkward, and his deportment ungraceful; he had neither the appearance nor the gait of a gentleman. In consequence of being brought up a schoolmaster, he was pedantick in the extreme. Could these disadvantages have been corrected, or overlooked, Penn would have been in high estimation, and ranked before many first-rate actors of his day. He was, however, a great favourite in the country; made good benefits, and might have done very well, had not that destructive companion, dissipation, robbed him of the comforts enjoyed by those who take prudence for their guide. Seldom had he a decent coat; in lieu of which, he generally wore a great coat, buttoned to the chin, which served to conceal the forlorn state of his linen. His slow, methodical mode of speaking, gained him the appellation of *Podo*. Regularly every morning, at 12 o'clock, he entered the doors of a small publick house in the vicinity of the theatre, and, with folded arms, knit brows, and a sidelong look at the landlady, he beckoned three distinct times; then, pointing to his mouth, gave full intimation of his wants. A glass of real Nantz, followed by an approving smack of the lips, gave a rich sparkle to his eye and a firmness to his nerves, which, before this application, were languid and relaxed; then, turning slowly, and pointing to the cupboard door, behind which his account was kept, he marched out, nor uttered a syllable during the whole negotiation.

"Some people there are, who cannot pronounce the *r*; others misplace the *v* and *w*; the *l* is sometimes substituted for the *n*; which gives an articulation similar to that of a person who has, by some calamity, lost the roof of his mouth. Of this latter description was *Podo's* landlady. I had heard of his long score behind the cupboard door, and called to give her a caution.

"Does Mr. Penn ever talk of paying you?" said I.

"Lo, sir," she replied, 'he lever talks at all.'

"I then advised her chalk no more till the other was rubbed out.

"Penn went the next day, as usual—

beckon'd—pointed to his mouth; but it would not do.

"I'll tell you what, master Pell," said this dealer in drams, "it siglifies lothilg, talkilg; you ald me must have a reckolilg; eighteel shillilgs ald eight pelce half peilly is your score; ald master Romley, the malager of your compaly, has beel here, ald he says, I must lot score alother loggil of gil, till the other's rubb'd off"

"Penn, on hearing this, uttered the in-

terjection 'Oh!' turned upon his heel, and walked away."

We occasionally noticed some negligences of composition; but they were not numerous or important enough to be animadverted upon. The author himself will doubtless see and remove them in a subsequent edition.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

The Travels of Captains Lewis and Clarke, from St. Louis, by way of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers, to the Pacifick Ocean; performed in the years 1804, 1805, and 1806, by order of the Government of the United States. Containing Delineations of the Manners, Customs, Religion, &c. of the Indians; compiled from various authentick Sources, and original Documents; and a Summary of the statistical View of the Indian Nations, from the official Communication of Meriwether Lewis. 1 vol. 8vo. 1809.*

THE publick expectation has been long excited respecting this work; and now that it has made its appearance, we do not think that expectation will be disappointed. Captains Lewis and Clarke have collected much curious information, both with regard to the manners and customs of the American Indians; and the commercial advantages that may be derived from a closer intercourse with them. By the way, we cannot too highly commend the moderate price (nine shillings) and unassuming form of this volume. Had it fallen into the hands of a certain bookseller, it would have made its appearance in quarto *illustrated* with tawdry plates, printed upon hot pressed paper, and published for *two guineas* at the least.

From a work like the present, we cannot but persuade ourselves that we shall perform a more acceptable service to our readers by presenting them with some interesting extracts, than if we were to gratify our *own* pleasure by inditing our *own* thoughts. When a book is barren,

there is some excuse for neglecting its contents: but when it is valuable and instructive, it is the peculiar office of a reviewer to pay more attention to it than to himself.

The introduction contains some useful commercial details:—

"The benefits that arise from the discoveries of unknown regions, are too numerous to be here mentioned.

"From the knowledge of geography are derived many intrinsick advantages. It not only feasts the imagination with the amusement of novel descriptions; but is the life of commerce, whence the arts and sciences receive succour, and a reciprocal benefit.

"It cannot fail of giving pleasure to the philanthropick mind, to behold implements of agriculture put in the hands of the uncivilized barbarian, to provide and protect him from the precarious reliance on the chase for a scanty sustenance. The time is not far distant, in all moral probability, when the uncultivated wilds of the interior part of the continent, which is now only inhabited by the tawny sons of the forest, and the howling beasts of prey, will be converted into the residence of the hardy votaries of agriculture, who will turn those sterile wildernesses into rich, cultivated, and verdant fields.

* Who the author of this work is, does not appear. It is presumed to be compiled from the notes of some one who accompanied captains Lewis and Clarke, and from the publications of other travellers who have explored the southwestern regions of North America: particularly from the travels of Carver.

"It may be suggested, that the sufferings of the aborigines, from the importation of foreign diseases, and the more baneful influence of spirituous liquors, more than counterbalance the benefits they receive from civilisation. These objections, it must be frankly confessed, are very powerful. But it is hoped, that vigilant measures will be pursued, by a government professed to be founded on the principles of humanity and wisdom, to prohibit the introduction of spirituous liquors among them. The small pox has raged, when little or no communication was held with them. Provisions are already made to introduce vaccine inoculation among them, which will prevent those horrid ravages that are mentioned in the course of the work.

"It may be thought matter of surprise, that regions, upwards of three thousand miles in length, bordering on a country inhabited by an inquisitive and enterprising people, who could avail themselves of the benefit of a lucrative fur trade, should remain so long unexplored. Many impediments have retarded the tour, that has laid open to view a country hitherto hidden from the knowledge of the civilized American.

"Attempts have been made by the great discoverer, captain Cook, to find a communication by water in the northern regions between the Atlantick and Pacifick oceans. Whether the two great oceans are joined together in those regions remains an uncertainty; but the rigours of a frigid zone evinced that, though they joined, it was impracticable to navigate from one to the other.

"To travel among the Indians, is but too often thought the road that inevitably

leads the unfortunate adventurer to an untimely death. The barbarity of the Indians in war is proverbial; but, in time of peace, hospitality and humanity are traits justly due to their character. It is a judicious saying of an eminent traveller among them, that 'in time of peace no greater friends, in time of war no greater enemies.'

"Before the acquisition of Louisiana by the United States, the jealous disposition of the Spaniards debarred all adventures for discoveries from that quarter.

"These impediments would compel the discoveries of the western part of the continent, to be made by a voyage by the way of Cape Horn, which would be too long, arduous, and expensive to entice the enterprise.

"In the year 1789, the celebrated traveller, Alexander Mackenzie, embarked from fort Chepewyan, in latitude 58 deg. N. longitude 110 deg. W. from Greenwich, and with the greatest fortitude, under embarrassing and perilous circumstances, he explored, with assiduity, the northern region to nearly the 70th degree of north latitude, where obstruction by ice compelled him to return to fort Chepewyan. Thence he ascended the Peace river to its source, and thence to the Pacifick ocean; making many discoveries, which he judiciously narrated in his journal.

"The following statement of the commerce of the Missouri is made by a gentleman, which will sufficiently show the advantages that arise from it.

"The products which are drawn from the Missouri are obtained from the Indians and hunters in exchange for merchandise. They may be classed according to the subjoined table.

		dolls. cts.	dolls. cts.
Castor,	12281 lbs. at	1 20	14737 20
Otters,	1267 skins	4 —	5068 —
Foxes			
Pouha Foxes, }	802 do.	0 50	401 —
Tiger Cats, }			
Raccoons,	4248 do.	0 25	1062 —
Bears, black, gray, and yellow,	2541 do.	2 —	5082 —
Puces,	2541 do.	2 —	5082 —
Buffaloes,	1714 do.	3 —	5142 —
Dressed cow hides,	189 do.	1 50	283 50
Shorn deer skins,	96926 lbs.	0 50	38770 40
Deer skins, with hair,	6381 skins	0 50	3190 50
Tallow and fat,	8313 lbs.	0 20	1662 60
Bears' oil,	2310 gallons	1 28	2472 —
Muskrats,	—	—	—
Martens,	—	—	—
			\$ 77971 20

"The calculation in this table drawn from the most correct accounts of the produce of the Missouri, during fifteen years, makes the average of a common year 77,971 dollars.

"On calculating, in the same proportion, the amount of merchandise entering the Missouri, and given in exchange for peltries, it is found that it amounts to 61,250 dollars, including expenses, equal to one fourth of the value of the merchandise.

"The result is, that this commerce gives an annual profit of 16,721 dollars, or about 27 per cent.

"If the commerce of the Missouri, without encouragement, and badly regulated, gives annually so great a profit, may we not rest assured that it will be greatly augmented, should government direct its attention to it. It is also necessary to observe, that the price of peltry fixed by this table is the current price in the Illinois. If it were regulated by the prices of London, deducting the expenses of transportation, the profit, according to our calculation, would be much more considerable.

"If the Missouri, abandoned to savages, and presenting but one branch of commerce, yields such great advantages, in proportion to the capital employed in it, what might we not hope, if some merchants or companies with large capital, and aided by a population extended along the borders of the river, should turn their attention to other branches of the trade, which they might undertake, I dare say, with a certainty of success, when we consider the riches buried in its banks, and of which I have endeavoured in these notes to give an idea.

"In estimate of the produce of the several Mines.

"Mine a Burton..550,000 lbs. mineral, estimated to produce 66 2-3, is 336,666 2-3 lbs. lead, at 5 dollars, is . .	18,333 33
To which add 30 dollars, (on 120,000 lbs manufactured) to each thousand, is	3,600 —
	<hr/> 21,933 33 <hr/>

"Old Mines .. 200,000 lbs. mineral, estimated to produce 66 2-3, is 133,333 1-2 lbs. lead, at 5 dollars per cwt. is	6,666 67
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"Mine a la Mott .. 200,000 lbs. lead, at 5 dollars per cwt. is .	10,000—
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"Suppose at all the other mines

30,000 lbs. lead, at 5 dollars, is	1,500 00
	<hr/> 18,166 67 <hr/>

Total amount is . . . Dollars 40,100

"When the manufacture of white and red lead is put into operation, the export valuation will be considerably augmented on the quality of lead."

Our travellers embarked on the 14th of May, 1804, from St. Louis, on the expedition, "providing themselves with every thing requisite for the prosecution of the voyage, particularly with large quantities of ammunition and fire arms, for the purpose of protecting them from the hostile attacks of the natives, and for procuring food." They also took a large quantity of medals, trinkets, &c. for the purposes of barter and conciliation. The party consisted of forty-three, and it was generally divided into two companies; the one for hunting, who travelled by land; the other to remain in the water conveyance, which consisted only of two small perogues and a batteau. Larger vessels would have obstructed them in ascending the Missouri near its source.

The following account of the Missouri and the inhabitants on its banks is interesting:—

"The Missouri is already ranked among the greatest rivers. It is an object of astonishment to the whole world. The uninformed man admires its rapidity, its lengthy course, and the salubrity of its waters, and is amazed at its colour; while the reflecting mind admires the innumerable riches scattered on its banks, and, foreseeing the future, beholds already this rival of the Nile flowing through countries as fertile, as populous, and as extensive as those of Egypt.

"The Missouri joins the Mississippi five leagues above the town of St. Louis, about the 40th deg. of north lat. It is necessary to observe, that after uniting with the Mississippi, it flows through a space of 1,200 miles before it empties itself into the gulf of Mexico. As this part of its course is well known, I shall speak of the Missouri only.

"I ascended about 600 leagues, without perceiving a diminution either in its width or rapidity. The principal rivers which empty into the Missouri are, as you ascend, the Gasconade, the river of the Osages, the two Charaturns, the Great river, the river Des Canips, Nichinen, Batoney, the Great and Little Nimaha, the river Plate, the river De Sioux, the L'Eau Qui Court.

"As far as twenty-five leagues above its junction with the Mississippi, are to be found different settlements of American families, viz. at Bonhomme, and Femme Osage, &c. beyond this its banks are inhabited only by savage nations; the Great and Little Osages, settled one hundred and twenty leagues on the river of that name; the Canips, the Ottos, the Panis, the Loupes or Panis Mahas, the Mahas, the Poukas, the Ricaras, the Mandanes, the Sioux: the last nation is not fixed on the banks of the Missouri, but habitually goes there to hunt.

"The banks of the Missouri are alternately woods and prairies. It is remarked, that the higher you ascend this river, the more common are these prairies; and they seem to increase every year by the fires which are kindled every autumn by the savages, or white hunters, either by chance, or with the design of facilitating their hunting.

"The waters of the Missouri are muddy, and contain throughout its course a sediment of very fine sand, which soon precipitates; but this circumstance, which renders them disagreeable to the sight, takes nothing from their salubrity.

"Experience has proved, that the waters of the Missouri are more wholesome than those of the Ohio and the upper Mississippi. The rivers and streams, which empty into the Missouri, below the river Plate, are clear and limped; above this river, they are as muddy as the Missouri itself. This is occasioned by beds of sand, or hills of a very fine, white earth, through which they take their course.

"The bed of the Missouri is obstructed with banks, sometimes of sand, and sometimes of gravel, which frequently change their place, and consequently render the navigation always uncertain. Its course is generally west by northwest.

"To give a precise idea of the incalculable riches scattered on the banks of the Missouri, would require unbounded knowledge.

"The flats are covered with huge trees; the *liard*, or poplar; the sycamore, out of one piece of which are made canoes, which carry nearly 18,000 cwt. the maple, which

affords the inhabitants an agreeable and wholesome sugar; the wild cherry tree, and the red and black *walnut*, so useful in joiners' work; the red and white *elm*, necessary to cartwrights; the *Triacanthos*, which, when well trimmed, forms impenetrable hedges; the water willow; the white and red mulberry tree, &c. &c.

"On the shores are found in abundance the white and black oak, proper for every kind of shipwrights' and carpenters' work; the pine, so easily worked; and, on the stony mountains, the durable cedar.

"It would be impossible to detail all the species of trees, even those unknown in other countries, and the use that can be made of them, of which we are still ignorant.

"The plants are still more numerous. I will pass lightly over this article, for the want of sufficient botanical knowledge. The Indians are well acquainted with the virtues of many of them. They make use of them to heal their wounds, and to poison their arrows. They also use various kinds of *Savoyanues*, to die different colours; they have one which is a certain and prompt cure for the venereal disease.

"The lands on the borders of the Missouri are excellent, and when cultivated are capable of yielding abundantly all the productions of the temperate, and even some of the warm climates; wheat, maize, and every species of grain; Irish potatoes, and excellent sweet potatoes. Hemp seems here to be an indigenous plant. Even cotton succeeds, though not so well as in more southerly countries. Its culture, however, yields a real advantage to the inhabitants settled on the banks of the Missouri, who find in the crop of a field of about two acres, sufficient for the wants of their families.

"The natural prairies are a great resource, being of themselves excellent pasturages, and facilitating the labours of the man who is just settled, who can thus enjoy, with little labour, from the first year, a considerable crop. Clay, fit for making bricks, is very common. There is also *Fayance clay*, and another species of clay, which, in the opinion of intelligent persons, is the real *koaolin* to which the porcelain of China owes the whole of its reputation.

"There are found on the borders of the Missouri many springs of salt water of every kind, which will yield more than sufficient salt for the consumption of the country, when it shall become inhabited.

"Saltpetre is found here in great abundance, in numberless caves, which are met with along the banks of the river.

"The stones are generally calcareous

and gates. There is found one, also, which I believe to be peculiar to the banks of the Missouri. It is of a blood red colour, compact, soft under the chisel, and hardens in the air, and is susceptible of a most beautiful polish. The Indians use it for their calumets; but from the extent of its layers, it might be easily employed in more important works. They have, also, quarries of marble, of which we only know the colour; they are streaked with red. One quarry is well known, and easily worked, namely, a species of plaster, which we are assured is of the same nature as that of Paris, and of which the United States make a great use. We also found volcanick stones, which demonstrate the ancient existence of unknown volcanos.

"We were confirmed in the belief, that there were volcanos in some of their mountains, by the intelligence that we received from the Indians, who informed us, 'that the evil spirit was mad at the red people, and caused the mountains to vomit fire, sand, gravel, and large stones, to terrify and destroy them; but the *good spirit* had compassion on them, and put out the fire, chased the *evil spirit* out of the mountains, and left them unhurt; but when they returned to their wickedness, the *great spirit* had permitted the *evil spirit* to return to the mountains again, and vomit up fire; but on their becoming good, and making sacrifices, the *great spirit* chased away the evil spirit from disturbing them, and for forty snows* he had not permitted him to return.

"The short stay we have generally made among the savage nations, has prevented us from making those researches which would have supplied us with more extensive information, respecting the various mines found on the borders of the Missouri. We know with certainty only of those of iron, lead, and coal. There is, however, no doubt but that there are some of tin, of copper, of silver, and even of gold, according to the account of the Indians, who have found some particles or dust of these metals either on the surface of the earth or on the banks of small torrents.

"I consider it a duty, at the same time, to give an idea of the salt mines and the salines, which are found in the same latitude on the branches of the river Arkansas. At about 300 miles from the village of the Great Osages, in a westerly direction, after having passed several branches of the river Arkansas, we find a flat of about fif-

teen leagues in diameter, surrounded by hills of an immense extent. The soil is a black sand, very fine, and so hard that the horses hardly leave a trace. During a warm and dry season, there exhales from this flat, vapours, which, after being condensed, fall on this black sand, and cover it with an incrustation of salt, very white and fine, and about half an inch thick. The rain destroys this phenomenon.

"At about eighteen miles from this flat, are found mines of genuine salt near the surface of the earth. The Indians who are well acquainted with them are obliged to use levers to break and raise it.

"At a distance of about fifteen leagues from the flat, of which we have just spoken, and in a southerly direction, there is a second mine of genuine salt, of the same nature as the other. These two mines differ only in colour; the first borders on a blue, the second approaches a red. Much further south, and still on the branches of the Arkansas, is a saline, which may be considered as one of the most interesting phenomena in nature.

"On the declivity of a small hill there are five holes, about a foot and a half in diameter, and two in depth, always full of salt water, without ever overflowing. If a person were to draw any of this water, the hole would immediately fill itself; and about ten feet lower, there flows, from this same hill, a large stream of pure and sweet water.

"If this country were peopled, the working of these genuine salt mines would be very easy, by means of the river Arkansas. This species of salt is found, by experience, to be far preferable to any other for salting provisions.

"Should these notes, imperfect and without order as they are, but in every respect founded on truth, and observations made by myself, excite the curiosity of men of intelligence, capable of investigating the objects which they have barely suggested, I do not doubt, but that incalculable advantages would result to the United States, and especially to the district of Louisiana.

"It is impossible to give an exact account of the peltries which are brought down the Mississippi. As they are all immediately transported to Canada, without passing any port of this country, we can obtain a true statement only from the settlements on the lakes. It is but a short time since the Red river has been explored.

"After leaving the river Des Moines, the fur trade from the Upper Missouri is car-

* Forty years.

ried on entirely by British houses, and almost the whole of the fur which is obtained from the other Indian traders is also sent to Canada, where it commands much higher prices than at New Orleans; where, in fact, there is no demand. It is also necessary to observe, that the further north we go, the greater is the value of the peltries. It is but a few years since peltries have been exported from America by way of the Ohio. It is to be desired, that the eastern part of America should encourage this exportation, by raising the prices of peltries to nearly those of Canada.

"The countries at the head of the Missouri and of the Columbia rivers bear a great similarity; being cold and very sterile, except in pasturage only. At the foot of the mountain, at the head of the Missouri, lives a tribe of Indians called *Serpentine* or *Snake Indians*; who are the most abject and miserable of the human race, having little besides the features of human beings.

"They live in a most wretched state of poverty, subsisting on berries and fish. The former they manufacture into a kind of bread, which is very palatable, but possesses little nutritious quality. Horses form the only article of value which they possess. In these the country abounds; and in very severe winters they are compelled to subsist on them, for the want of a better substitute for food. They are a very harmless, inoffensive people. When we first made our appearance among them they were filled with terror; many of them fled, while the others who remained were in tears, but were soon pacified by tokens of friendship, and by presents of beads, &c. which soon convinced them of our friendly disposition.

"The *Snake Indians* are in their stature crooked, which is a peculiarity, as it does not characterize any other tribe of Indians that came within the compass of our observations. To add to this deformity, they have high cheek bones, large, light coloured eyes, and are very meagre, which gives them a frightful aspect.

"For an axe we could purchase of them a good horse. We purchased twenty seven from them, that did not cost more than one hundred dollars; which will be a favourable circumstance for transporting fur over to the Columbia river.

"At the head of the Columbia river resides a tribe by the name of *Pallotepallars*, or *Flatheads*. The latter name they derive from an operation that renders the top of the head flat, which is performed while they are infants, when the bones of

the cranium are soft and elastic, and are easily brought to the desired deformity. The operation is performed by tying boards, hewn to a proper shape for the purpose, which they compress on the head. In performing this eccentric operation, many infants, I think without doubt, lose their lives. The more they get the head misshapen, the greater do they consider its beauty.

"They are a very kind and hospitable people. We left in charge with them, when we descended the Columbia river, our horses, which they kept safe. They likewise found where we had concealed our ammunition in the earth; and had they not been an honest people, and preserved it safe, our lives must have been inevitably lost. They delivered up the whole, without wishing to reserve any, or to receive for it a compensation.

"They, like the *Snake Indians*, abound in horses, which subsist in the winter season on a shrub they call *ever green*, which bears a large leaf, that is tolerably nutritious. They likewise feed upon the side of hills, out of which gush small springs of water, that melt the snow, and affords pasture. In this manner our horses subsisted while going over the *Rocky Mountains*.

"The country, inhabited by the *Snake* and *Flatheaded Indians*, produces but very little game."

Our travellers thus describe the reception they met with from the natives:

"The treatment we received from the Indians, during nearly three years that we were with them, was very kind and hospitable; except the ill treatment we received from the *Sioux* tribe, who, several times, made attempts to stop us; and we should have been massacred, had we not terrified them from their murderous intention, by threatening them with the small-pox, in such a manner as would kill the whole tribe. Nothing could be more horrible to them, than the bare mention of this fatal disease. It was first communicated to them by the Americans, and it spread from tribe to tribe, with an unabated pace, until it extended itself across the continent.

"This fatal infection," says a western traveller, "spread around with a baneful rapidity, which no flight could escape, and with a fatal effect, that nothing could resist. It destroyed, with its pestilential breath, whole families and tribes; and the horrid scene presented, to those who had

the melancholy and affecting opportunity of beholding it, a combination of the dead and dying, and such as to avoid the horrid fate of their friends around them, prepared to disappoint the plague of its prey, by terminating their own existence. The habits and lives of those devoted people, who provide not to day for the wants of to morrow, must have heightened the pains of such an affliction, by leaving them not only without remedy, but even without alleviation. Nothing was left them but to submit in agony and despair. To aggravate the picture, if aggravation were possible, may be added the sight of the helpless child, beholding the putrid carcase of its beloved parents dragged from their huts by the wolves, who were invited hither by the stench, and satiated their hunger on the mangled corpse. Or, in the same manner, serve the dog with food, from the body of his once beloved master. Nor was it uncommon for the father of a family, whom the infection had just reached, to call his family around him; to represent their sufferings, and cruel fate, from the influence of some *evil spirit*, who was preparing to extirpate their race; and to invite them to baffle death, with all its horrors, with their own weapons; and, at the same time, if their hearts failed in this necessary act, he was himself ready to perform the deed of mercy with his own hand, as the last act of his affection, and instantly follow them to the chambers of death.' The Indians being destitute of physicians, living on animal food, and plunging themselves into *cold water* on the first discovery of the disease, rendered it generally mortal.

"While we were at fort Mandan the Sioux robbed several of our party when they were returning to the fort, with the fruits of an excursion after game; and murdered several of the Mandan tribe in cold blood, without provocation, while reposing on the bosom of friendship. On hearing of this massacre, captain Clarke and the greater part of us volunteered to avenge the murder; but were deterred by not receiving succour from the Mandan warriors; who declined to avenge the outrage committed on them. The probable reason of their not enlisting was, that they were too much afraid of the superiour number of the Sioux to venture an engagement.

"Soon after this massacre, we received authentick intelligence, that the Sioux had it in contemplation (if their threats were true) to murder us in the spring; but were prevented from making the attack, by our threatening to spread the *small pox*, with

all its horrors among them. Knowing that it first originated among the white people, and having heard of inoculation, and the mode of keeping the infection in phials, which they had but an imperfect idea of, a bare threat filled them with horror, and was sufficient to deter them from their resolute and bloody purpose. This stratagem may appear insignificant to our reader, but was of the greatest consequence to us; for to it alone we owed not only the fate of the expedition, but our lives.

"Most of the tribes of Indians that we became acquainted with (except the Sioux) after being introduced by our interpreter, and having found that our intentions were friendly towards them, never failed of greeting us with many tokens of their friendly disposition. Soon after our interview, we were invited to smoke the calumet of peace, and to partake freely of their venison. The women and children, in particular, were not wanting in showing tokens of friendship, by endeavouring to make our stay agreeable. On our first meeting, they, generally, held a council, as they term it, when their chief delivers a 'talk,' in which they give their sentiments respecting their new visitors; which were filled with professions of friendship, and often were very eloquent, and abounded with sublime and figurative language.

"When we departed, after taking leave, they would often put up a prayer, of which the following is a sample, which was put up for us by a Mandan:—"That the great spirit would favour us with smooth water, with a clear sky by day, and a bright starlight by night; that we might not be presented with the red hatchet of war; but that the great *pipe of peace* might ever shine upon us, as the sun shines in an unclouded day, and that we might be overshadowed by the smoke thereof; that we might have sound sleep, and that the bird of peace might whisper in our ears pleasant dreams; that the deer might be taken by us in plenty; and that the *great spirit* would take us home in safety to our women and children.' These prayers were generally made with great fervency, often smiting, with great vehemence, their hands upon their breast, their eyes fixed in adoration towards heaven. In this manner they would continue their prayers until we were out of sight."

There are some curious traits of the Indian character in the subsequent extract:

"They are extremely circumspect and

deliberate in every word and action; nothing hurries them into any intemperate wrath, but that inveteracy to their enemies, which is rooted in every Indian's breast, and never can be eradicated. In all other instances they are cool and deliberate, taking care to suppress the emotions of the heart. If an Indian has discovered that a friend of his is in danger of being cut off by a lurking enemy, he does not tell him of his danger in direct terms, as though he were in fear, but he first coolly asks him which way he is going that day, and having his answer, with the same indifference tells him, that he has been informed, that a noxious beast lies on the route he is going, which might probably do him mischief. This hint proves sufficient, and his friend avoids the danger with as much caution, as though every design and motion of his enemy had been pointed out to him.

"This apathy often shows itself on occasions that would call forth the fervour of a susceptible heart. If an Indian has been absent from his family for several months, either on a war or hunting party, and his wife and children meet him at some distance from his habitation, instead of the affectionate sensations that naturally arise in the breast of more refined beings, and give rise to mutual congratulations, he continues his course without looking to the right or left; without paying the least attention to those around him, till he arrives at his house; he there sits down, and with as much unconcern as if he had not been absent a day, smokes his pipe; those of his friends who followed him, do the same; perhaps it is several hours before he relates to them the incidents that have befallen him during his absence, though, perhaps, he has left a father, a brother, or a son dead on the field (whose loss he ought to have lamented) or has been successful in the undertaking that called him from his home.

"If an Indian has been engaged for several days in the chase, or any other laborious expedition, and by accident continued long without food, when he arrives at the hut of a friend, where he knows that his wants will be immediately supplied, he takes care not to show the least symptoms of impatience, or betray the extreme hunger that he is tortured with; but, on being invited in, sits contentedly down, and smokes his pipe with as much composure as if his appetite was cloyed, and he was perfectly at ease; he does the same if among strangers. This custom is strictly adhered to by every tribe; as they esteem it a proof of fortitude, and think the re-

verse would entitle them to the appellation of old women.

"If you tell an Indian, that his children have greatly signalized themselves against an enemy, have taken many scalps, and brought home many prisoners, he does not appear to feel any strong emotions of pleasure on the occasion; his answer generally is: 'They have done well,' and makes but very little inquiry about the matter; on the contrary, if you inform him that his children are slain, or taken prisoners, he makes no complaints, he only replies: 'It is unfortunate,' and, for some time, asks no questions about how it happened.

"This seeming indifference, however, does not proceed from a suppression of the natural affections; for, notwithstanding they are esteemed savages, I never saw among any other people greater proofs of filial tenderness; and although they meet their wives after a long absence with the stoical indifference just mentioned, they are not, in general, void of conjugal affection.

"Another peculiarity is observable in the manner of paying their visits. If an Indian goes to visit a particular person in a family, he mentions to whom his visit is intended, and the rest of the family immediately retire to the other end of the hut or tent, and are careful not to come near enough to interrupt them during the whole conversation. The same method is pursued when a young man goes to pay his addresses to a young woman; but then he must be careful not to let love be the subject of his discourse, whilst the daylight remains.

"They discover an amazing sagacity, and acquire with the greatest readiness any thing that depends upon the attention of the mind. By experience, and an acute observation, they attain many perfections, to which Americans are strangers. For instance, they will cross a forest or a plain, which is two hundred miles in breadth, so as to reach with great exactness the point at which they intend to arrive, keeping, during the whole of that space, in a direct line, without any material deviations; and this they will do with the same ease, let the weather be fair or cloudy.

"With equal acuteness they will point to that part of the heavens the sun is in, though it be intercepted by clouds or fogs. Besides this, they are able to pursue, with incredible facility, the traces of man or beast, either on leaves or grass; and on this account it is with great difficulty a flying enemy escapes discovery.

"They are indebted for these talents, not only to nature, but to an extraordinary

ry command of the intellectual faculties, which can only be acquired by an unremit-
ted attention, and by long experience.

"They are, in general, very happy in a retentive memory. They can recapitulate every particular that has been treated of in council, and remember the exact time when they were held. Their belts of wampum preserve the substance of the treaties they have concluded with the neighbouring tribes, for ages back, to which they will appeal and refer with as much perspicuity and readiness, as Europeans can to their written records.

"Every nation pays great respect to old age. The advice of a father will never receive any extraordinary attention from the young Indians; probably they receive it with only a bare assent; but they will tremble before a grandfather, and submit to his injunctions with the utmost alacrity. The words of the ancient part of their community are esteemed by the young as oracles. If they take, during hunting parties, any game that is reckoned by them uncommonly delicious, it is immediately presented to the eldest of their relations.

"They never suffer themselves to be overburdened with care, but live in a state of perfect tranquillity and contentment, being naturally indolent. If provisions, just sufficient for their subsistence, can be procured with little trouble, and near at hand, they will not go far, or take any extraordinary pains for it, though by so doing they might acquire greater plenty, and of a more estimable kind.

"Having much leisure time, they indulge this indolence to which they are so prone, by sleeping and rambling about among their tents. But when necessity obliges them to take the field, either to oppose an enemy, or to procure food, they are alert and indefatigable. Many instances of their activity on these occasions, will be given when we treat of their wars.

"The greatest blemish in their character, is that savage disposition, which impels them to treat their enemies with a severity that every other nation shudders at. But if they are thus barbarous to those with whom they are at war, they are friendly, hospitable, and humane in peace. It

may with truth be said of them, that they are the worst enemies, and the best friends, of any people in the world.

"They are, in general, strangers to the passion of jealousy, and brand a man with folly that is distrustful of his wife. Among some tribes the very idea is not known; as the most abandoned of their young men very rarely attempt the virtue of married women, nor do these put themselves in the way of solicitations: yet, the Indian women, in general, are of an amorous disposition; and, before they are married, are not the less esteemed for the indulgence of their passions.

"The Indians, in their common state, are strangers to all distinction of property, except in the articles of domestick use, which every one considers as his own, and increases as circumstances admit. They are extremely liberal to each other, and supply the deficiency of their friends with any superfluity of their own.

"In dangers they readily give assistance to those of their band who stand in need of it, without any expectation of return, except those just rewards that are always conferred by the Indians on merit. Governed by the plain and equitable laws of nature, every one is rewarded according to his deserts; and their equality of condition, manners, and privileges, with that constant and sociable familiarity which prevails throughout every Indian nation, animates them with a pure and patriotick spirit, that tends to the general good of the society to which they belong.

"If any of their neighbours are bereaved, by death, or by an enemy, of their children, those who are possessed of the greatest number of prisoners, who are made slaves, supply the deficiency: and these are adopted by them, and treated in every respect as if they really were the children of the person to whom they are presented."

We cannot conclude without strongly expressing the degree of satisfaction and instruction which we have received from the perusal of the present volume.

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FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Travels in Turkey, Italy, and Russia, during the years, 1803, 1804, 1805, 1806; with an Account of some of the Greek Islands. By Thomas Macgill. Small 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 520. Price 10s. London. 1809.

THE personal talents, and the opportunities for observation, enjoyed by travellers, impart to their works, real differences, though it is not easy to express the distinctions between them. The author of these volumes, "engaged almost constantly in the pursuits of commerce, has had little, in fact, no leisure, for those of literature." This avowal protects him from censure, on account of his literary deficiencies; and equally from the imputation of repeating that information which had been already communicated by others, of more classick attainments, prior to their visits to the east, and of greater leisure for more minute inspection of particulars when actually travelling in those countries.

Readers who are acquainted with former publications of travels into the Levant, especially, by British literati, will find no considerable accession of novelty, in the letters of Mr. Macgill. His descriptions are superficial, and his incidents differ little from those of daily occurrence. Yet we think him a genuine and independent witness; and incline to add, that he has communicated facts of a commercial nature, which the learned have either overlooked, or had not opportunities of observing.

Late years have seen several important changes take place in the commercial relations of Turkey, equally as in the political situation of that cumbrous empire. The modern establishments of Russia in the Black sea; the possession of Malta by the British, the unsettled state of Egypt, the interruption of the Turkish caravan to Mecca, by the Wehabees, and insurrections almost innumerable in some of her fairest provinces, are circumstances which

tend to affect deeply the interest of the Ottoman Porte. To draw decisive inferences from these and other incidents, is not easy; insomuch that we are almost tempted to take refuge in the Turkish doctrine of fate, and to conclude, that till the date appointed for the execution of "what is written" arrives, this empire must subsist; as at that period, nothing can save it from dissolution.

In the mean time, we are desirous of obtaining the latest intelligence relating to Turkey. If it be on the verge of exhibiting another instance of the instability of human establishments, then is it the more interesting as a subject of curiosity; while it also partakes of the nature of a political lesson. If this empire should continue, the world may inquire, not without surprise, on what principles a mussulman sovereignty, long doomed to subversion, by the discerning, has withstood those storms, by which Christian sovereignties have been either completely upset, or most sorely shaken.

In answering such inquiries Mr. Macgill affords us no assistance.—His employment was in the less splendid, but more safe and more honourable walk of commerce.

We find him first at Venice, whence he sails to Trieste, and from thence by the Greek islands to Smyrna. He visits Constantinople, Ephesus, the Black sea, with Odessa; the plains of Troy, and other places in the neighbourhood. An appendix by another writer, contains a more particular account of Odessa; the publick tarif of the duties paid by British goods in the Ottoman empire; and the progress of the culture and commerce of tobacco in Macedonia.

We believe it is not easy to in-

crease that abhorrence of French rapacity, which prevails throughout Europe, and especially in Britain. If it be possible that the reproductive powers of land should replace the necessaries of life, of which that rapacity had despoiled a country, yet it is impossible that a state depending for existence, on commerce, should be able to support such violence. Of this Venice is a striking instance: and the state of the Venetians, as described by our author, is conformable to that of other communities, to which French liberty has proved the most crushing of despotisms.

"The most illustrious persons in Venice were reduced to the extreme of indigence, but, small was the number of those who escaped the general ruin. It was computed in 1804, *no less than a thousand of the heads of noble families were begging in the streets. At every corner, on every bridge, might be seen some fair Venetian lady, covered with a veil, and on her knees imploring the aid of charity; whilst her male relations were occupied in pursuits far less honourable, in order to procure subsistence.*

"The distresses of the nobles and of the wealthy, were not confined to themselves alone; for the Venetians being naturally ostentatious, thousands of menials, and of the lower classes of the people, were supported by their bounty. These, therefore, were now abandoned to all the horrors of want; for, in the general disorder and misery of the state, where was employment to be found for them? Innumerable gay gondolas were laid aside, and their skillful rowers, being utterly unqualified for any other occupation, were in a state of starvation.

"It is scarcely possible to depict the miserable situation of the nobles. The abbé —, a man of talents and of probity, with whom I was very intimate, one morning at breakfast related to me with tears in his eyes, the following circumstance, which he said, had happened only the night before. The abbé had passed that evening at the house of a friend. In the course of it, they were attracted and charmed by the singing of a female in the street, immediately underneath the window. The pleasure of the good abbé was, however, soon converted into melancholy. He thought he recognised the voice of a

friend, and hastened to the street to ascertain the truth. The person was so muffled up that he could not discover her. He ran to her house, and his repeated knocks at the door were at length answered from within by her children, who informed him, that the mother had gone out with their father and a friend, to procure something for supper, and that having now no servant, they were locked in till their return. Being now persuaded that the songstress was his old friend, he returned to her, and with the utmost regret, discovered that she was the countess C——r, who was thus singing in the streets, in the hope of collecting a few soldi, to purchase food for her starving children.

"In her days of affluence, she had been a remarkably fine player on the piano-forte, as well as a charming singer. The abbé, who possesses an excellent taste in musick, had frequently joined in the concert with her. In those days, this unfortunate countess was the ornament and the delight of the society in which she lived.

"Before the French quitted Venice, what they could not take away with them they destroyed. Eight fine ships of the line, and several frigates which were then on the stocks in an unfinished state, they rendered useless, cutting their stems, stern-post, and keel in different places, and taking away the shores from their starboard and larboard and quarter, so that they fell down, never more to be rendered serviceable until entirely taken to pieces. This arsenal used to furnish employment to several hundreds of workmen, now its only inhabitants are a few slaves or malefactors, who are chiefly occupied in making into fire wood the remains of those fabricks which the French have destroyed, and which were formerly the pride and glory of the Venetians. A large portion of the arsenal is formed into an oyster bed, which produces no small revenue."

That the Italians did not do their duty to their country, in defending it, is notorious. Can we wonder at the consequences? And when we find the general of Roman soldiers sending his compliments to the governor of Ancona, with a message, importing that he thought *the weather too cold to put his troops under arms, that morning:* to which the governor replied: "as the weather was not too cold for the ladies, he thought it was not too much so for Roman

soldiers," can we but recollect what Roman soldiers were?

Surely! 'twas not such spawn as these,
Which quell'd the stern Eacides,
And died with Punick blood the seas!

One of the pleasantest rencontres described by our author is that of Osman Oglu, a Turkish sportsman, at Ephesus; and as this prince by his activity, contradicts the usual notion of Turkish indolence, we shall introduce him to our readers.

"We had not alighted long at the Caffene, before we received a visit from one of the chief men of Osman Oglu, prince of these parts, who was here upon a shooting excursion, and had despatched this gentleman to see who we were. He smoked a pipe and drank some coffee; and we, judging it prudent, returned the visit to the prince, without delay.

"This prince, who governs over an immense tract of Asia Minor, is about twenty years of age, of manly appearance, with an open and haughty countenance. All the pride of a Turkish sovereign appears in him. His physiognomy betrayed no marks of ignorance, or want of talent however ill improved. He sat on a sofa in a mud wall'd room, of about fifteen feet square. On the right hand sat a falcon; on his left, lay a young pointer; before him were stretched five Spartan grayhounds. None of his people sit in his presence, save the favourite, who visited us in his name. When we entered, according to the Turkish custom, he neither got up, nor saluted us, but sat crosslegged to receive our homage. Coffee and pipes were soon introduced. Here I was amused with another Turkish custom. The prince and the favourite were served before the strangers. Our visit lasted only a quarter of an hour, the conversation was on the pleasures of sporting. The prince proposed a party for the morning following, we agreed to join him, and then took our leave.

"The youth was surrounded by about fifty armed desperados, who formed his guard; these are never held in any estimation till they have been robbers or freebooters for many years, and have taken away the lives of a few of their fellow creatures, whether gloriously or ingloriously, whether in battle or in cold blood; and they are often called upon by their employer to recount the deeds they have done.

"The morning appeared clad in sable,

and clouds full of rain topped the surrounding mountains; but long ere the lazy god of day arose in the east, the youthful prince paid us a visit in our hovel, preceded by his savage band, one of whom, carrying a golden axe, demonstrative of his despotick power, paraded before him.

"We proposed coffee and pipes to his royal highness, *but he proposed a tumbler of rum which he drank off with great relish.* He informed us of his intention immediately to proceed to the field, and left us to prepare. The regards of all followed him, although, most certainly, they were not those of admiration or love, but they followed a prince: and so prone are men to pursue dignities, even in the shape in which they now presented themselves, that we soon joined him, though every moment in danger of being shot, either by himself, or some of his banditti, none of whom would miss the chance of killing a partridge, to save the life of a *Pesavenk Yahour* [infidel pimp] a name with which they frequently honour us.

"The morning was damp, and some rain dropped occasionally. The sport was but trifling, and few birds or beasts were taken. Again the day smiled, but it was a sarcastick smile. A gleam of sunshine fell upon the prince, which a hasty cloud soon threw on the ruins of Ephesus, while the distant thunder seemed to murmur, 'is not all vanity?'

"Some grew tired of princely pleasure, others continued the tedious chace, but the prince himself at length grew wearied of unsuccessful labour, and left the field."

Our author's commercial engagements presented him with a favourable opportunity of becoming acquainted with the trade of Constantinople and Smyrna; that opportunity he has embraced; and he states particulars at some length; but he gives a much less satisfactory account of the extent of trade, at the former, and of the mode of payment at the latter city, than we were prepared to expect.

"The commerce of Constantinople is nothing, comparatively speaking, to what it appears to be.

"But although the trade of Constantinople is limited, when compared with that of Smyrna, it is far better to prosecute on account of the difference both in the payments and the returns. In Smyrna, for

many articles it rarely happens that you can get the amount of your account in *less than two or even three years, although the goods are nominally sold at three or six months*; whereas, in Constantinople should a sale be made at three months, before the end of six you may in general depend on payment in cash, which is remitted in good bills of exchange; but from Smyrna it is seldom that funds can be withdrawn but in produce, on which, in general, the loss far surpasses the fine profits you had flattered yourself with in making your sales."

What is the *present* state of Constantinople cannot be known, even from so late a writer as Mr. Macgill; for since his residence there, the unfortunate Selim has fallen a victim to the bigotted barbarity of his troops. That Sultan did all in his power to promote the prosperity of his subjects. We have often pitied his patriotick feelings, and his unmerited fate.

"In Constantinople, and its environs, there are, at present, nearly ten thousand looms at work. This must yield no small profit to the state, as the materials are chiefly the produce of the country.

"Farther up in this new town [Scutari] is the printing office, established, as I have before mentioned, by the reigning sultan [Selim] in contradiction to the ruling superstition of the people; it is upon a pretty extensive plan, for the beginning of a building of the kind; there are, at present, about ten presses going. Several persons are employed in translating useful books; and many are already printed in a very beautiful manner, upon the paper made at the sultan's manufactory upon the canal, and, before leaving the office, are bound either richly or plainly, according

to the taste of the purchaser. Books of geography are printed, and also maps of all the different parts of the world, pretty accurately, in the Turkish characters. We saw, besides, captain Cook's voyages, and the elements of Euclid, in quarto. Not being versed in the Turkish language, we could not judge if they were well translated, but the translator being a man of great abilities, there is little doubt but that he has done justice to his countryman, Cook. It is generally supposed that justice has been done to Euclid.

"Besides the manufactories already mentioned, we found that many others, equally useful, are carried on at Scutari. They print and die an immense quantity of India, British, and German muslins, here and all over the environs of the capital; they make charming colours, which are more durable than those in almost any other country."

The machinations of Buonaparte, have certainly been directed against Turkey. Whether they will fail, as his mission to Persia appears to have failed; whether his late agreement with Austria has removed the difficulties, started by that power, against their execution; or, whether he may quarrel with Russia, before the time comes for his attempt on Turkey, are subjects of speculation and guess: but not of reasonable certainty. It would be well, however, if the Turks were prepared for the worst; for to say truth, our opinion inclines rather to fear, than to hope on their behalf. But, as already hinted, the event, whatever it be, we must leave to the operation of time, and the decrees of fate.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

A Sequel to the Antidote to the Miseries of Human Life, containing a further Account of Mrs. Placid, and her Daughter Rachel. By the Author of the Antidote. 8vo. pp. 175. Price 4s. London. 1809.—New York, republished by D. Longworth, 12mo. 1810. Price 621-2.

THE former part of this story we noticed in our second volume, p. 826. We are by no means displeased with an opportunity of renewing our acquaintance with the widow Placid.

The publick has distinguished the first volume, and has *substantially* expressed approbation, by an extensive and steady demand for it. The sequel is not less pleasing, or

less proper to be consulted as an adviser. That the incidents it contains are not a few, to happen within so short a space as the history comprises, may be thought rather unlucky, since sudden reformatations partake of the marvellous; but the writer was shackled by her first part, to which the sequel must *per force* conform. There is, nevertheless, considerable skill in the management of the characters, and the stations respectively assigned them at the close of the volume.

As the manners and maxims of benevolence are limited to no condition of life, we may recommend the example of the widow Placid to the young, in order to prepare themselves for events and situations in which they may have occasion to exhibit the advantages arising from it; to those in middle life, whose families cannot but be gratified and improved, by beholding equal self command and calm address, with those of this pious lady; and to others who, like her, have suffered the loss of what their affections must ever regret. If the reader asks, what is her character? the volume before us shall answer the question.

"Female influence is universally acknowledged, in its effects upon society as well as individuals. The influence which the widow Placid gained over the mind of squire Bustle has been described; and it only remains briefly to consider by what means it was affected. It was not by means of the adventitious advantages of youth, beauty, or accomplishment; but her unaffected piety, and sweetness of manners. The latter quality has been greatly recommended, but too often with no other view than that of *pleasing*: from the example of Mrs. Placid, we hope the female reader will be encouraged to cultivate it for *use* as well as *ornament*. Without this amiable trait in her character, even her piety might have passed unknown or unregarded. It disposed her, indeed, to speak for the honour of religion; but the *manner* with which she spoke rendered her words acceptable. She advised without dogmatism; she reprov'd without acrimony; she aimed at pleasing the ear by the correctness of her language; and, above all, when she conversed on the sublime truths of Christianity, she betrayed no *party* prejudices which could excite displeasure in those she was desirous to instruct. Here, then, is a character not only worthy of imitation, but which every intelligent female is capable of imitating. The rules are few and simple; but were they adopted and practised, their effects would soon be visible, by the spread of Christian principles, in the confusion of the libertine, and the conviction of the sceptick."

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Memoir of the Reign of James II. By John Lord Viscount Lonsdale. 4to. pp. 92. 1808.

WE consider the publick as highly indebted to the noble editor, for this interesting and important addition to the historical documents of our country. It has effectually illustrated some points, which were before ambiguous; and, with respect to the rebellion of Monmouth, in particular, has clearly demonstrated some facts which were before involved in obscurity. The authority, too, is unquestionable. It comes from the confidential servant of William III. selected as well for his ability as his known integrity; from an individual, present, as it were, to all

which he relates, beyond the reach of suspicion, and distinguished by his incorruptible manners.

The cause of the immediate publication of this memoir, we have understood to be this: When Mr. Fox was known to be engaged in the composition of his history, this manuscript, which had been sacredly preserved in the noble family of Lonsdale, was, with the ingenuous liberality of a British nobleman, offered to his use. Mr. Fox, however, declined availing himself of this advantage, till he should have made further progress in his undertaking.

He left his history in the form in which we have since received it, and it was conceived that the printing of this memoir would be a very acceptable gift to the noble editor's more particular friends, whose curiosity must naturally have been excited. We, for our parts, do not regret that it did not pass into Mr. Fox's hands. We should then, perhaps, have been debarred the gratification of perusing one of the neatest biographical sketches that have ever fallen in our way.

Prefixed to the memoir is the life and character of John lord viscount Lonsdale, the author of the memoir, and lord privy seal to William III. From this we learn, that he was originally sir John Lowther, Bart. and the thirty-first knight of his family, in almost a direct line. He was, also, intimately connected with all those illustrious characters by whose exertions the revolution was accomplished.

His first appearance as a publick character, was in 1675, when he was elected knight for the county of Westmoreland, which place he continued to represent as long as he continued a commoner. In this situation he pertinaciously, and from principle, opposed the designs of the duke of York, who had given unequivocal marks of his aversion to the established religion of his country. The plan for excluding him commenced in 1668, was revived in 1673, but did not finally take place till 1679, when it passed the house by a majority of 207 to 128. The lords rejected the bill by a majority of about 30.

When James II. ascended the throne, sir John Lowther was, at first, inclined to confide in the king's promises to preserve the government in church and state, as by law established; but when he saw that these promises were almost immediately broken, when he perceived that the sovereign openly and boldly acknowledged his violation of the

laws, he discarded all hopes, and joined himself to those great and good men who solicited the assistance of William. He secured the city of Carlisle, and induced the two counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland to declare for the prince of Orange.

On the accession of king William, he was made a privy counsellor, and vice chamberlain to the household.

In 1689 he was appointed lord lieutenant of Westmoreland and Cumberland. In 1690, first commissioner of the navy. After this period his health declined, and he retired to his seat at Lowther, which he adorned with paintings of the greatest artists, and amused himself with improving the general aspect of the country. We have here a most interesting detail of his private life, character, and manners, honourable to the individual to whom it relates, and no less honourable to the writer.

In 1696 he was advanced to the peerage, by the style of viscount Lonsdale and baron Lowther. In 1699 he was made privy seal, and when from ill health he was compelled to retire from business, the king would not permit him to resign, but ordered him to take the seal with him into the country. The following letter is preserved and printed, with the fac simile:

"Hampton-Court, ce 23e de May, 1700.

"J'ay este extremement marri d'apprendre par la lettre que vous avez escrit au Secret Vernon que vous avez trouve si peu de soulagement en vostre sante au bains que vous estes obligé de songer d'aller chez vous en esperance d'y trouver plus de soulagement, ce que je vous souhaite de tout mon cœur, et suis tres content que vous y alliez quoy que j'aurois extremement souhaite de vous avoir aupres de moy en cette conjuncture ou j'ay plus besoin que jamais des personnes en qui je me fie autant qu'a vous, Et pour qui j'ay autant d'estime. J'espere que le bon Dieu vous rendra bientost vostre sante. Et que vous reviendrez le plus tost qu'il vous sera possible, Cependant vous pourrez faire avec les prevy seaux comme vous

avez fait l'annee passe quand vous estiez absens, ou de telle autre maniere que vous trouverez convenable, Mais j'espere que vous ne songez pas a quitter mon service sur tout a present que j'en ay plus besoin que jamais, Et que je n'y pourez point consenti, ayant autant d'estime et d'amitie que j'ay pour vous, dont je seres tres aise de vous donner des marques en toute sorte d'occasions. "Signed,

"William R."

"For the lord privy Seal." P. xx.

In 1700 he was appointed during the king's absence in Holland, one of the lords justices to govern the kingdom; but he died in the execution of this honourable office.

Next comes the memoir, which commences with the death of king Charles, and with sentiments which breathe the genuine, and unaffected spirit of piety and virtue. After declaring his intention of setting down publick occurrences, the noble author adds:

"I hope to find an innocent entertainment in so doing, which is the ultimate pleasure of this life; for without innocence no enjoyments are satisfactorie; but a sting and uneasiness attends them; and is so much a part of their constitution, that no criminal pleasure in the world is either perfect or lasting."

Immediately on the king's death, lord Lonsdale acted the part of a good and loyal subject, and attended the proclamation of James at Appleby, Cockermouth, and Penrith. How must his noble spirit have been shocked, on learning, that within less than a month after his declaration of protecting the established church, he went publickly to mass. When parliament was called, sir John attended in his place, and heard the king repeat his assurances of protection to the church.

These protestations made him so popular, that the people not only prevented their sovereign's expectations, but his wishes, in their grants to him. Some, however, were sagacious enough to foresee danger, and the first alarm was excited by

destroying the ancient mode of elections in boroughs, and compelling them to accept charters, which vested the right of election in particular individuals. Among the rest, sir John Lowther took the matter up in parliament, but it was evaded by some manœuvre of the court, and never again resumed.

The next effort of the court party was to make words treason, under the specious pretence of preserving the king's person. By the activity and acuteness of sir John, and some of his friends, certain provisos were introduced in the bill, which so mutilated its power, that it came to nothing.

The next matter of moment, introduced in the memoir, is the landing of Argyle, in Scotland, and the rebellion of Monmouth, and it is here that we feel ourselves, in a peculiar manner, indebted to this historical document.

It has ever been a matter of controversy, nor does Mr. Fox at all clear up the perplexity, whether the mean and dastardly behaviour of lord Gray, the friend and confidential adviser of Monmouth, was the result of treachery or cowardice. We think that, after perusing this memoir, little doubt can remain but that it was the basest treachery.—We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of making an extract from this part of the work.

"Att this time Argyle landed in Scotland, and in pursuance of an agreement made betwixt them in Holland, the duke of Monmouth att Lime, in Dorsetshire. Argyle came better provided into a country supposed to be more disaffected, himself reckoned a man of parts and experience, and yet he did nothing that ever threatned danger. But the duke of Monmouth, contrarie to all men's expectations, spun out the businesse into length; and tho' esteemed a man no way formidable either for parts or experience, yett with 83 men and 200 guineas, he brought things to that passe, that the successe was much doubted by manie; for within a verie few days his armie was increased to seven

or eight thousand men; nay, some said to above ten thousand. But whether his own single follie, or the councill of those that were supposed to betray him, added to it, was the cause of his proclaiming himself king, was doubtfull. But this was certain, that severall thousands quitted him within three days after. He had, however, so good an armie left, and managed his businesse so cautiouslie, that he marched towards Bristol, and at Kainsham Bridge, a place not ffar from thence, in some skirmishes he was thought not to have the worst of it. But finding Bristol possessed by the King's fforces, he returned back again, and entered Bridgewater, whilst the King's fforces under the command of my L^d Ffeversham lay encamped upon Sedgemoor, some three miles from the town, covered with a ditch. The Duke, in hopes to surprise them, issued out in the night, and was so ffar prosperous as to misse coll. Oglethorp, who was gone to the very town of Bridgewater to gain intelligence. And the King's hors being quartered att a little village a quarter of a mile of where my lord Ffeversham was also, were said not to be in all the readinesse that was necessaric. But however the hors under the conduct of my lord Gray did so little, running away att the verie first, that there was no great want of the kings hors to oppose them. The ffoot, indeed, fflought better, and two ffield peeces they had did some execution. But the hors being gone, the matter was grown desperate, and herein the duke of Monmouth lost much of his reputation ffor courage; ffor instead of dieing in the ffield as was expected, he left his men fighting, and endeavoured to escape in companie with my lord Gray, but was within two days taken among some bushes hid, with a pockett ffull of peas, which he was fforced to gether ffor ffood. He was brought up to London, dined at Chivinch's lodgings, where he saw the king, and both there and by letters asked for pardon. What arguments he had to hope it would be granted, were not certain. Within flower days he was executed upon Tower Hill, suffering flower if not ffive blows of the axe, of which, tho' he seemed fearfull ffrom my lord Russell's case, who had done so before, he died other ways with great constancie. My lord Gray's conduct in all this businesse gave the censorious world leav to say that he betrayed him, and that he triumphed in the revenge ffor private injurries received in his ffamilie: ffor besides the ffailure of the hors under his conduct, he, after their being taken, seemed rather pleased than fearfull; his

talk was of hounds and hunting, and when the duke att Mr. Chivinch's complained of a cold he had gott, he in a scoff told him his uncle had a cure to be applied in a ffew days. This conduct, added to his flformer escape out of the hands of a messenger in a hackney coach, made the world almost assured of what they suspected; and I have been informed that one major Holmes discerned the thing so plainlie, that he told the duke three days before the battle att Sedgemoor, that my lord Gray was certainlie either a coward or a knave; that, if he would give him leav, he would secure him, without which he despaired of successe. The duke mode answer that t'was then too late. The courage of this major was remarkable: he had his arm broke in the battle, was brought up to London, had his life offered him by the king, if he would promise to live quietlie, and endeavour no disturbance. His answer was, that his principles had ever been republicanian, as thinking that form of government best for this nation; that he was still of that mind; that he was now an old man, and his life as little worth asking as t'was worth his majestie's giving; and t'was indifferent to him whether his majestie pardoned him or not. He was therefore sent into the countrie and hanged, whilst my lord Gray had his pardon, and became an evidence against severall. Besides those that were killed in the ffield there were about seven hundred sentenced to death and executed, insomuch that all the high ways of that countrie were no longer to be travelled, whilst the horreur of so many quarters of men, and the offensive stench of them lasted; of which Dr. Ken, the bishop of that diocesse, writ a most pathetical letter to his majestie; St Geo. Geoffrey, then chief justice and now lord chancellor, being the principal judge sent into that countrie to trie them." p. 9.

This rebellion gave a pretence for raising an army of eleven or twelve thousand men, which every summer were encamped on Hounslow heath, "to the astonishment of the people of England, who had not so much as in historie heard of anie such thing in time of peace." To make bad worse, the army was filled with popish officers, upon which the parliament remonstrated. The king was offended and dissolved them. The infatuation of James progressively increased. Roman catholicks were put into all offices. Three questions

were proposed as tests to representatives in parliament, which, with the manly answers of sir John Lowther, we subjoin.

"1. Whether, if you be chosen a member of parliament for this countie or anie burrough thereof, will you be for taking away the penall laws and test?"

"2. Whether will you give your vote and interest for such as will be for taking away the penal laws and test?"

"3. Whether will you support the King's declaration by liveing peaceable with men of all perswasions, as a good Christian ought to doe?"

"These questions were brought into this countie by my Ld Preston, Lord Lieutenant for these two counties. And the gentlemen were summoned to meet him at Penreth. A day or two before the time appointed, Sr Daniell Ffleming came hither, and desired to know my opinion about an answer to them. I showed him my thoughts, wch he was pleased to approve, and my answer was so universallie liked, that, excepting by two or three att most, it was given verbatim by all the gentlemen that did not complie with the questions, wch were about 17 or 18. It was to this effect:

"1. If I be chosen a member of parliamt for this countie or any burrough thereof, I think myself obliged to refer my opinion concerning the taking away the penall laws and tests to the reasons that shall arise from the debate of the hous.

"2. If I give my vote to anie to serv in parliament it shall be to such honest and loyall gentlemen as I think wil ffaithfullie serv the king and the established government.

"3. I will live peaceable with men of all perswasions, as a good Christian ought to doe." P. 16.

Next succeeded the ecclesiastical commission, and the contemptible and offensive proceeding at Magdalen college, Oxford. These are sufficiently known. The publick entrance of the pope's nuncio was the next cause of offence, and the progress of the king into the west and elsewhere, where he took care to let the people know his design to call a parliament, in order to have the penal laws and tests removed. The imprisonment and trial of the Bishops is the next subject detailed in the me-

moir, with some anecdotes, and, in particular, that of the duke of Devonshire and colonel Culpeper, p. 33, new at least to us. This brings us to September 1688.

The memoir at this period gives a very interesting detail of the general condition and circumstances of the other powers of Europe. First, describing the disastrous events which befel the emperour; the oppression of the protestants in France, by the revocation of the edict of Nantz; and the horrible and bloody war which was carried on, with the view of exterminating all of that persuasion. What was the consequence? The trade of France was ruined, and the prospect of tranquillity to its sovereign more precarious than ever. The description of this tyrannical act of the king of France is given in the memoir with peculiar force and animation. At this juncture James appears to have been conscious of his folly and his danger, for he restored the city's charter; revoked his proceedings against the bishop of London, and Magdalen college, to the great offence of those who had taken part with the measures of the court.

The memoir next proceeds to describe the efforts of the king to put himself in a situation of defence. Endeavours were made to raise troops: the bishops were invited to give their advice how "to amend and set to right what the councils, he had taken, had disordered." The corporations in different parts of England, which had been deprived of their ancient privileges, had them restored. The lords spiritual and temporal were summoned to hear from the king, the assurance that the prince of Wales was his real son, and not a supposititious child. The people, nevertheless, began to demonstrate great unquietness, and proceeded to destroy some popish chapels. Then follow some observations of the writer, upon the terrible earthquakes, which, at that period,

had taken place at Lima, in Italy, and other places. We now come to the revolution, which fact must be related by the author himself.

At last, after the almost frustrated expectations of the protestants, and the apprehensions of the court as it were removed by the assurance, that the prince of Orange, after having sett sail from the Briel, was beaten back by storms, wherein he had lost two men of war, near a thousand hors, besides other great damage sustained; his fleet, refitted and numerous, was discovered under full sail the 3^d of November, from Dover; and the day following came into Torbay, the day of the prince's birth, the day of his marriage, and the day that begun the greatest and most extraordinarie revolution that hath been seen in anie age. The next day, which was also the anniversarie for the happie discoverie of the gun powder treason plott, he landed his armie, consisting, according to the printed list, of 3660 hors, and of 10692 foot, and were transported in 560 shippes accommodated for that purpose, and convoyed by 65 men of war and 10 fireshipps.

"Before I proceed in this relation, I cannot forbear remarking, how wonderfullie this thing succeeded in opposition to so many visible and apparent accidents, anie one whereof, had they happened, the whole design must, most certainly, have miscarried.

"Every body knew how much the king of France was concerned in the preservation and support of our King, he being the onely allie in all the world he could depend upon, whose interests were intirelie united to his. How sensible he was of this was plain by the warm memorialls of the count D'Avoux, his ambassador in Holland, who owned the strictnesse of the alliance in such terms, as gave a suspicion here in England of danger, equal to anie one thing that had been done. Every bodie knew with how great wisdom that king had governed his kingdome for many years; and yett in this affair, one wiser than he, infatuated his counsellors, and made him put himself out of a possibilitie of preventing what he would have hindered, no doubt, with the hazzard of his crown; for if, instead of his carrying his arms into the palatinate and towards Cologn, as he did, he had sent but ten thousand men towards Flanders, he had utterlie rendered uselesse all the preparations; for the states would never, to be sure, have hazarded their own securitie by sending away their troops.

"Or had he, who never used to be sparing of his treasure where it was necessarie, at this time laid out 100,000*l.* amongst the principall leading men of Amsterdam, he might easilie have obstructed the whole design; for without the concurrence of that whole cittie, it could never have been effected.

"But after all, had not my L^d Dartmouth taken up his station in a place, where, as the wind stood, it was impossible for him to stir, till the prince's fleet were gone so far, that he could not overtake them, there is no question but he would have destroyed a great many of them, if not the whole fleet; he having 43 men of war, besides fireshipps, of the best shippes we had, and perfectlie well manned and equipped: whereas the Dutch shippes were crazie and old shippes, and much inferior to them in strength.

"To these escaped dangers, that of the season and ill weather usuall in that month, was not inconsiderable: and lastlie, to attempt the conquest of a nation, at that time of the year, was a thing almost unheard of.

"But when he was landed, 'tis easie to apprehend what was like to followe.

"The clergie were dissatisfied, and thought themselves ruined, from the instances off the bishops off the ecclesiasticall commission, and the case of Magdelene colledge. The justices off peace, lord lieutenants, deputie lieutenants, officers off the revenue, and off the state, were all displaced, that had not, in formal terms, complied with what was desired, and soe were in despair. The corporations were no lesse dissatisfied, by having their charters taken from them, and suffering under strange and severe regulations. The poor were intraged, by the severe exaction of the chimney upon the paupers, directlie contrarie to the intention and practice of that lawe. The soldiers were jealous and angrie, at the favour and partialitie showed to Papists and Irishmen, as appeared in the case of coll. Beaumont, Pack, and others; soe that there seemed to be an industrie exercised by the king's counsell, to disoblige all sorts and ranks of men in the kingdome; which was the deeplier resented, because the nation had never made such zealous efforts to oblige anie prince as this, at the beginning of his reign.

"They had settled with great speed a revenue off 2,100,000*l.* a year, and more, in these perticulars. The customes were above 600,000*l.* the excise 600,000*l.* the chimney-money, 230,000*l.* as raised at last, the post office 55,000*l.* the small branches as first fruits, the farms, alienation office,

&c. 30,000*l.* and the dutie on tobacco and sugars, 50,000*l.* They overlooked the taking the customes without authoritie of lawe. They gave upon the tobacco and sugars threepence, when Sr Dudley North, the commissioner off the customes, and manager ffor the King in the hous of commons, asked but three halfpence. They would propose no new laws to be made ffor the securitie off religion, thoe the King had openlie declared himself off the church of Rome, because they would shoue him that they relied upon his word. They broke all the fflorms off parliament to dispatch the supplies demanded; ffor in the same day the motion was made for a supplie, the hous considered the motion, voted the summe in the committee, reported that vote, and agreed to it, and ordered a bill to be brought in, which steps

have always required each a distinct day; and verie often thoe in times of war, considerable intervalls of time betwixt each off them: and they past a bill of attainer against the D. off Monmouth (without examining witnesses) in one day." p. 60.

The mental qualities by which this interesting memoir is distinguished, are great sagacity of discernment, unshaken principles of patriotism, and a noble and generous integrity. It is a curious and valuable morsel of history, and great thanks are due to the noble lord who has thus kindly communicated it to the publick.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

The Life of George Romney, Esq. By William Hayley, Esq. 4to. pp. 416. 2*l.* 2*s.* Boards. 1809.

EVEN the most general sketch of a powerful and original genius, from the hand of admiring, yet judicious friendship, cannot fail to supply a variety of agreeable observations. But we must include Mr. Hayley in the complaint which we have had such frequent occasion to level against modern biographers, that they weaken the effect of their narrations by describing too much and relating too little; by exhibiting, in desultory terms, their own views of intellectual habits and moral characters, instead of recording such acts and sayings of the party concerned, as might enable the reader to draw his own inferences on the subject. Not that we require, in every instance, the minute fidelity of Boswell in delineating Johnson. Few, indeed, are the minds which could endure so close an inspection, and fewer still would reward us for the trouble of making it. But, wherever a character is to be portrayed, the writer falls far short of his undertaking, if he omits to mark the great peculiarities of the individual, not

only in temper but in opinion: in the education which formed his mind, and the accidents which imparted its bias: in the habits which either imperceptibly grew on him and overpowered his resolution, or in those which he laboured to acquire as the means of attaining excellence in his art or profession: and, above all, in the judgment which he pronounced on every important topick to which his attention was seriously devoted.

Yet Mr. Hayley prides himself on the precision of his statements, and on the sacrifices which he sometimes has made of the feelings of friendship to the interests of truth. Here we have a still stronger objection, since he appears to us to have dwelt much more on the unhappy infirmities of his friend, than on his great and acknowledged powers. It was, indeed, his painful duty, in writing the life of Romney, to describe him as subject to that nervous malady, the extreme sensibility to trifles, which long obscured his happiness, and, finally, clouded his reason. But,

in speaking of such a painter, we should have expected him to employ other epithets, and other periphrases, than those which he has usually adopted, and repeated almost *ad nauseam*: viz. "the tender artist;" "the tender and *apprehensive* artist;" (the latter is a favourite and frequent adjunct) "the *sensitive—the timorous*;" "our beloved and *dejected* artist;" "the *interesting invalid*," &c.

Though such might be the character in which Romney presented himself to the restorative air of Earham, and the soothing friendship of Mr. Hayley, very different are the qualities with which that friend should have seen him invested, in contemplating his mind with the design of representing it to strangers and to posterity. The expectations of those young artists should have been considered, who will open the volume with sanguine hopes of discovering the recorded opinions of one of his most distinguished countrymen on the works of foreign art, which he frequently explored; and they will close it with the greater disappointment, from being informed that the professional discussions of Romney, of which no trace is here preserved, were eloquent, original, judicious, and so full of vehemence and enthusiasm, that they frequently betrayed him into tears.

The apologies, too frequently urged by Mr. Hayley, for inserting the letters of his friend on the subject of Earham and its owner, would have been more properly applied to the numerous sonnets which crowd these quarto pages; and which have, generally, so little connexion with the main subject, that they might be, not improperly, denominated, in the old-fashioned phrase: "Poems on several occasions." The author has, also, reedited his poetical essays on painting, first published in 1778, in the form of epistles to Romney; an insufficient reason, we think, for including them in a life of that

painter. Even this unexpected accession is, however, in our opinion, preferable to the tame, elegiac stanzas composed by a godson of Romney, "aged ten years and eight months," at the instigation of Mr. Hayley, who wished to afford him an opportunity of displaying his poetical genius to the publick. They are just what might be expected, full "of Pindus and the Aonian maids."

We will be no longer detained by extrinsic circumstances from attending to the distinguished subject of this memoir.—George Romney was born in December, 1734, at Dalton in Furness; a singular and picturesque tract of high and low land in the county of Lancaster; and died in November, 1802. His father, who is sometimes styled a cabinet maker, and sometimes a builder, a merchant, and a farmer, wished his son to succeed him in business. But, though the boy discovered, at an early age, a great passion for mechanicks, the symptoms of higher endowments could not long be concealed. He was enthusiastically fond of musick, and chance directed his youthful mind to the sister art of painting:

"The fortunate incident, which led him to a cultivation of the particular art, that he was destined to profess, and to adorn, was simply this. In his youth he observed a great singularity of countenance in a stranger at church. His parents, to whom he spoke of it, desired him to describe the person. He seized a pencil, and delineated the features from memory with such a strength of resemblance, as amazed and delighted his affectionate parents. The applause that he received from this accidental performance, excited him to draw with more serious application."

The talent thus elicited received instruction and encouragement from an ingenious but unfortunate gentleman of Cumberland, who settled in the neighbourhood; whose name was John Williamson; and who, to the study of natural philosophy, musick, and mechanicks, added a firm belief

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in the possibility of obtaining, and consequently an eager pursuit after, the mysteries of alchymy. Nay, he was in idea on the very point of success in his search for the philosopher's stone, when his wife unfortunately prevailed on him to join a party of female friends, and the furnace blew up in his absence! The innocent lady became hateful to the disappointed speculator, who resolved on a total separation; a circumstance by which it is supposed that the mind of Romney might possibly have been influenced, in an unfortunate and very exceptional part of his conduct.—A cabinet maker, named Wright, under whose care young Romney was then placed, recommended to his father that he should receive the advantages of tuition from a regular painter; who soon, however, decamped, with the assistance of his pupil, on a matrimonial excursion to Scotland. The student followed his example of marriage, though not of elopement, and united himself, in his 22d year, to a wife who bore him two children, but who had soon the misfortune to become, in Mr. Hayley's language, "the object of his inquietude;" not from any impropriety in her conduct; but from an apprehension rather hastily adopted by the artist, that "a young man married is a man that's marred." He considered the conjugal yoke as an intolerable incumbrance to the wings of soaring genius, and totally threw it off. On returning from his first professional tour, in which he painted portraits for four guineas each, he gave thirty pounds, out of a hundred which he realized, to "an unoffending partner:" but from that time till the approach of his last illness (a period of at least five and forty years) it does not appear that he ever saw, or in any way noticed his consort. We presume, however, that, when he was in the receipt of a large professional income, he shared it in some proportion with this faithful but deserted

wife; who proved how little she deserved her fate, by the forgiveness which she extended to him, and the affectionate care with which she nursed him, at the distressing close of his life. Surely Mr. Hayley owed it to the memory of his friend, to state with distinctness that she was not wholly neglected by him in his prosperous days; and the fact of his contributing to her support should not have been left to conjecture.

After having visited York, Lancaster, and some other northern towns, where he seems to have attained considerable practice, Romney arrived in London in 1762. He soon became a candidate for the prizes distributed by the society for the encouragement of arts and sciences; and, though he failed in a competition with Mortimer, he obtained much credit for his painting, and deserves still more for a candid admission of the justice of the verdict pronounced against him. In 1764, he travelled, for six weeks, on the continent, where he formed an acquaintance with that pleasing landscape painter, Vernet: but we are left uninformed with respect to his observations on what he saw. On resuming his situation in London, we find him gradually rising to the highest eminence as a portrait painter, and "described in the catalogue [of the exhibition in Maiden Lane] as residing at the Golden Head in Great Newport street; a *street endeared to the lovers of art* by having been inhabited by two great rivals in publick favour, Romney and Reynolds." When he changed that residence for a spacious mansion in Cavendish square, this is not only *endeared* to Mr. Hayley as the house of his friend, but also by the recollection that it formerly belonged to "Mr. Coates, an eminent painter in crayons;" and it is now occupied by Mr. Shee, "who has distinguished himself by equal application to the pencil and the lyre." In 1776, the author's friendship with Romney commen-

ced: it appears to have lasted for the life of the latter, whose irritable temper might occasionally ruffle its serenity without disturbing its constancy; and to have largely contributed to the intellectual pleasure and improvement of both.

We have little more of incident to communicate respecting this great painter, except that he proceeded in the full career of success, always regretting the necessity of exclusively devoting his time to portrait painting; by which, in a single year, he cleared 3635*l.* and sometimes painting a historical or fancy subject, for the Shakspeare gallery, or for some intimate friend; but more commonly imagining, projecting, designing, sketching, grouping, in a word *preparing* on a scale too vast to admit of much perfect execution. He enjoyed the conversation of the learned, and copied the features of the great. Lord Thurlow, in particular, is said to have sportively observed, that the town was divided between Reynolds and Romney, and that he was himself "of the Romney faction." The timidity of the nervous painter did not disqualify him from pouring forth his ideas with energy and animation, when discussing subjects of art with that distinguished character, who will be placed in a new light before many of our readers, by the following sentences:

"Lord Thurlow had a great personal regard for Romney, and was highly pleased with his conversation, when his own affability had so completely dissipated the natural reserve of the painter, that he could not only converse, but even dispute, without apprehension, upon points of art with this exalted personage, who was singularly formidable as an antagonist, in any conference, from the force of his ideas, and the fearless facility with which he expressed them. His memory was richly stored with sublime and pathetick passages from all the great poets; and he loved to expatiate on such as afforded inviting subjects to the pencil. He was willing to encourage painting; and expressed a strong desire of Romney's executing for him a large picture of Orpheus and Eury-

dice from Virgil; but on discussing the subject together, the ideas of the peer, and those of the painter were so different concerning the mode of treating it on canvass, that Romney despaired of pleasing a patron whose fancy appeared to him very far from being in harmony with his own, and he, therefore, never began the picture."

But why these general terms? Why may we not be *let into the secret* of the discordant views entertained by such able judges? The debate could not have failed to enlighten us on a very pleasing subject. We thank Mr. Hayley for the particulars, though scanty and unsatisfactory, with which he indulges us on another topick, extracted from a letter of his own, written at the time [November 1787] and since returned to him on the decease of the person addressed:

"I must try to amuse you, as well as my extreme haste will allow, by a little history of Romney, Carwardine, and the chancellor.—Carwardine asked his great patron to subscribe to the Shakspeare, showing him the papers.

"**LORD THURLOW.**—What! is Romney at work for it? He cannot paint in that style, it is out of his way; by God, he'll make a balderdash business of it.

"**CARWARDINE.**—Your lordship does not yet thoroughly know Mr. Romney; for he has such a native modesty, that it prevents his showing, before your lordship, his real powers.

"**LORD THURLOW.**—Have you seen his design?

"**CARWARDINE.**—No! my lord he shows it to no mortal yet.

"**LORD THURLOW.**—I should be glad to talk to him about it—bring him to dine with me to day.

"**CARWARDINE.**—I certainly will, my lord.

"Carwardine brings this dialogue fresh to me. Away we post to the **PITTORE**.

"**CARWARDINE.**—Romney! I have been talking to the chancellor about you, and your great picture: he says you cannot paint from Shakspeare.

"**ROMNEY.**—Does he? I should be glad to talk to him about it; for he has some grand ideas in his gloomy head.

"**CARWARDINE.**—I rejoice to hear you say so. You shall talk with him to day, for you are already engaged to dine with him."

"ROMNEY.—Are you in earnest? But I cannot go.

"CARWARDINE.—You must go. It is the happiest incident for your grand work that could have arisen.

"In short, Carwardine talked the terrified artist into spirits sufficient to make him go, with some pleasure, to this awful dinner, of which you shall hear more in my next.

"Lincoln's Inn Fields, Nov. 12, 1787.

"You will be curious to know how our friend Romney past his day with the chancellor. Carwardine tells me, their dialogue was highly entertaining to him, as they debated several points with warmth and spirit on both sides. They had no intruder to disturb the trio, and continued with their great host till ten in the evening."

Lord Thurlow one day said to the artist: "Mr. Romney, before you paint Shakspeare, I advise you to read him;" and it was true that he had probably never read a single act of his plays regularly through: so apt was he to indulge his fancy in desultory excursion, and to pursue, without method, the accidental impression of the moment.

In speaking of the patronage, accorded to Romney, by celebrated persons, we must assign a high rank to the beautiful and accomplished lady Hamilton, whom he regarded with an affection almost paternal. To this lady, Mr. Hayley appears to have spoken, in the character of his friend, without the least exaggeration, when he says:

"Thy smile, to me, was inspiration's beam,

Thy charms my model, and thy taste my guide,"

since Romney took her portrait in great variety of characters—as Circe, Calypso, a Magdalen, a Bacchante, Sensibility, Miranda, Joan of Arc, Cassandra, St. Cecilia, a Woodnymph, a Pythian Priestess, &c.—The subsequent letter to Mr. H. will give a very strong idea of his regard for his favourite model:

"August 8, 1791.

"My dear friend,

"As you will probably wonder at my

silence, it will be necessary to give you some account of the cause. In my last letter, I think I informed you that I was going to dine with sir William and his lady. In the evening of that day, there were collected several people of fashion to hear her sing. She performed, both in the serious and comick, to admiration, both in singing and acting; but her Nina surpasses every thing I ever saw, and, I believe, as a piece of acting, nothing ever surpassed it. The whole company were in an agony of sorrow. Her acting is simple, grand, terrible, and pathetick. My mind was so much heated, that I was for running down to Earham to fetch you up to see her. But, alas! soon after, I thought I discovered an alteration in her conduct to me. A coldness and neglect seemed to have taken place of her repeated declarations of regard for me. They left town to make many visits in the country. I expect them again the latter end of this week, when my anxiety (for I have suffered very much) will be either relieved, or increased, as I find her conduct. It is highly probable that none of the pictures will be finished, except I find her more friendly than she appeared the last time I saw her. I had it in contemplation to run down for a day or two, before she returned to town, to bring you up with me, and I mentioned it to her. She said do so, but in a cold manner, though a fortnight before, when I said I would do so, she was very desirous that I should bring you to town. You will see every thing is in great uncertainty, but it may turn out better than I expect.

"So far I had written before I received your kind letter, and now I have just time to give you a very short answer to it.

"I shall certainly make you a visit, and I would rather visit you when you have no company.

"Ever yours,

G. R."

This picture of "the Quarrel" must not be left without its companion on the more agreeable subject of "the Reconciliation."

"Monday Evening, August 29, 1791.

"My dear Friend,

"I have not had it in my power to write any satisfactory answer to your first letter, till within these few days. Cassandra came to town the 16th, and I did not see her till the 20th; so you may suppose how my feelings must have suffered. She appointed to sit on the 23d, and has been sitting almost every day since; and means to sit once or twice a day, till she leaves London, which

will be about Wednesday or Thursday, in the next week.

"When she arrived to sit, she seemed more friendly than she had been, and I began a picture of her, as a present for her mother. I was very successful with it; for it is thought the most beautiful head I have painted of her yet. Now, indeed, I think she is as cordial with me as ever; and she laments very much that she is to leave England without seeing you.

"I take it excessively kind in you to enter so deeply into my distresses. Really my mind has suffered so very much, that my health was much affected, and I was afraid I should not have had power to have painted any more from her; but since she has resumed her former kindness, my health and spirits are quite recovered.

"She performed in my house last week, singing and acting before some of the nobility with most astonishing powers. She is the talk of the whole town, and really surpasses every thing both in singing and acting, that ever appeared. Gallini offered her two thousand pounds a year, and two benefits, if she would engage with him, on which sir William said, pleasantly, that he had engaged her for life.

"Believe me yours

"Most affectionately,

G. R."

Romney's unhappy propensity to suspect unkindness, neglect, and coldness in his friends, poisoned all the enjoyments of his life. Even when a young student, he entertained the horrible spectre of plots against his safety, and imputed them not only to the permitted assassins of Italy, but to his countrymen, his contemporaries, his fellow-students, and his friends. His letters to Mr. Hayley, whom he visited annually for many years, seldom conclude without an apology for offences supposed to have been given to his best friend by the violence and heat of his temper. His whole conversation must have been divided between offering affronts and atoning for them, and his mind perpetually uneasy in the consciousness of rude asperity in himself, or the imagination of uncharitable misconception in others. The fanciful but elegant remark of Mr. Flaxman,

on the genius of his brother artist, might, with equal truth, be applied to his temper; it "bore a strong resemblance to the scenes he was born in: like them it partook of the grand and beautiful; and like them also, the bright sunshine and enchanting prospects of his fancy were occasionally overspread with mist and gloom." Indeed, the parallel might be extended further, to the awful burst of the wintry tempest, and the fierce explosion of conflicting elements. We have already intimated that the excessive sensibility of Romney terminated in mental derangement; and this pitiable catastrophe, while it consoles mediocrity for the absence of that delicate organization which is designated by the name of genius, should warn the highly-gifted mortal against that indiscriminate indulgence even of the purest feelings, which degenerates at last into wayward selfishness, and may become equally fatal to the happiness and the virtue of the possessor.

Those parts of the present memoir which relate to the kindness exhibited by Romney to the son of Mr. Hayley, a most promising and ingenious youth, who was placed under the tuition of our great sculptor Flaxman, are very interesting. He died at an early period, but not till he had given unquestionable proofs of genius combined with an ardent love of his art, which could not have failed to lead him to great excellence in it. The feelings of a father are not ostentatiously displayed; but they sometimes burst forth with unaffected pathos. We wish to pass lightly over the subject: but our readers would not easily forgive the omission of the following passage.

"The health of Romney revived a little, as the year 1797 advanced. He began to amuse his fancy with the prospect of his own intended building, and also with that of his friend (Mr. Hayley's villa) in Sussex, to whose habitation he had pro-

mised to escort both the architect and the young sculptor. The trio of artists arrived at Eartham on the 13th of April, and, after a day of repose, proceeded to the sea-coast, where they all took a lively interest in laying the foundations of a very small, marine villa, in the Hamlet of Felpham. Its proprietor vainly hoped that it might conduce, for many years, to the health and social enjoyments of the party, whose kind hearts gave utterance to the most fervent good wishes on its commencement. How merciful to man is that dispensation of Heaven, which allows him not to see far into futurity.

"Our architectural ceremony was a cheerful scene of social delight, from the hope that all who shared in it, and particularly the two youngest might recollect and revisit the spot with pleasure, through a length of time to come; but what anguish of heart must have seized the joyous group engaged in founding this favourite little structure, had any prescience informed them that all the three artists, taking so kind an interest in the fabrick, would be sunk in the grave within the brief period of six years from its foundation? I am now sitting alone in the dwelling which their kindness has endeared, and which their ingenuity has adorned; and I feel a tender gratification in employing the uncertain remnant of my days on such literary works as may faithfully commemorate the talents and the virtues of those who still speak to me in their works, and here daily remind me both of their genius and their affection."

Some engravings after several pictures of the great artist here described are properly introduced into this record of his life and genius. They are twelve in number, and must not be omitted in our notice; though, in order to convey a correct idea of them to our readers, some first-rate painter should pronounce critically on their merits, and the most skilful engraver must be employed to make the necessary *extracts*. Among them, we have three likenesses of Romney, taken at different ages by himself, and another copied from a medallion moulded by the young sculptor already mentioned; together with three portraits of lady Hamilton, in the characters of Sensibility, Miranda, and Cassandra, charmingly engraved by Caroline Watson. We much regret that Mr. Hayley has not followed the example set by the biographer of sir Joshua Reynolds, in presenting at one view a catalogue of all Romney's pictures, with a short history of them, and a direction to the several places where they may be viewed at present.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Voyage à Peking, Manille, et l'Isle de France, faits dans l'intervalle des années 1784 à 1801. Par M. de Guignes, Resident de France à la Chine, attaché au Ministère des Relations extérieures, Correspondant de la première et de la troisième Classe de l'Institut. 3 tom. 8vo. pp. 1404. avec un Atlas en folio, à Paris, 1808.

AFTER an embargo of some years continuance, on the literary productions of France, a considerable importation has recently been permitted, or, more properly speaking, perhaps, smuggled, through the ports of Holland, into this interdicted country: and if we may be allowed to form our judgment from the article now before us, as well as from some splendid publications of voyages to, and discoveries of, countries long since discovered and described, we

shall run little risk in pronouncing the art of book-making to be quite as well understood in Paris as in London. We hail with pleasure, however, any article, in the shape of literature, which is brought to us from the east; whether of the pure and genuine production of that quarter of the globe, or whether, in its passage through the continent of Europe, it may have suffered some little adulteration in the workshops of the west. Much as we should, of

course, prefer the former, we are not yet become so fastidious as entirely to overlook the latter; among which description, we fear, we must be under the necessity of classing the work of M. de Guignes.

The great empire of China, notwithstanding its numerous and powerful claims to the attention of mankind, in consequence, perhaps, of its peculiarity of situation, and internal polity, remained for ages in almost total obscurity and exclusion from the rest of the civilized world, its existence being scarcely hinted at by ancient writers, and the real character and condition of its multitudinous subjects represented, by the moderns, in terms so incongruous and opposite, as sometimes to excite a doubt on our minds whether they speak of the same people. Long after its first discovery, the predominant opinion ran in favour of all its institutions; and this may easily be accounted for, by taking into consideration the unfavourable circumstances under which the western hemisphere was labouring about that period. The strong impressions which must necessarily have been made on the mind of that man, who, after traversing a dreary succession of wastes, over whose wide extended surface were thinly scattered a few tawny coloured, half naked, and half famished inhabitants, was thrown at once upon a fertile and cultivated region, peopled by a race of men not materially differing from Europeans, many of them comfortably, and some superbly, clothed in vests of costly materials and curious workmanship, and where the multitudes on every side were so vast, that, in speaking of them, he could not bring himself to employ a term expressive of less than millions; the impressions, we say that such an adventure was likely to stamp on the mind of the traveller, would naturally dispose him to relate to his countrymen "a tale of wonder;" and we cannot, therefore, be surprised, if, under such cir-

cumstances, we occasionally meet with exaggerations in that account of China which is usually attributed to *Marco Polo*. Those religious men also, who, impelled by a laudable zeal for disseminating the truths of Christianity among the nations of the east, after traversing many a wild waste and sandy desert, entered this flourishing empire at a time when neither the comforts nor the conveniences, much less the elegancies, of life were generally diffused over Europe, and who, at their departure, had seen but little of the world beyond the boundary of their respective convents; such men also might well be excused for any little aberration from the strict line of truth, in their reports respecting a country and people so very different from all to which they had been accustomed. The flattering reception they met with at the court of this extraordinary nation, and the pleasing prospect which presented itself of a plentiful harvest in the field of the gospel, could not fail, in some measure, to influence their minds, and to give their narratives a bias in favour of such a people.

The relations published of the several missions were sought after with great avidity by the learned of Europe; those, in particular, which concerned China, were peculiarly interesting to the philosophers of the age, as describing a people endowed with every moral and social virtue, and enjoying the advantage of civil institutions, whose sole end was that of promoting the general happiness of mankind. The learned Isaac Vossius became such an enthusiast in favour of the Chinese, that he asserted there was nothing valuable on earth that was not to be met with in China, and he lamented exceedingly that he himself had not been born a Chinese! The French academicians extolled to the skies the profound knowledge of this wonderful people in civil polity, in morality, in literature, and all the use-

ful arts and sciences; and the laborious encyclopedists considered them as not only superiour to the rest of Asiatick nations, but at least equal to the most enlightened of Europeans. Nay, the incredulous philosopher of Ferney condescended, in this instance, to swim with the stream, and to prostitute his talents in the propagation of what, in his heart, he could not possibly believe to be true. During this phrensy of the French to establish the superiour excellence of the Chinese, there was some little danger that the *Chee-king* would have driven the *Iliad* out of the field, and the *Lee-kee* have supplanted the sublime morality of the New Testament, whose doctrines it was declared to have anticipated! In short *Laotsé* was the prince of poets, and *Cong-foo-tsé* the first of philosophers.

With few exceptions, this extravagant character maintained its ground for some time in the literary world. The abbé Renaudot, however, in a dissertation on the state of learning among the Chinese, annexed to his "relation of two Mahomedan travellers who visited China in the 9th century," took a very different, and, as has since appeared, a more correct view of the national character. Most of the navigators also, who subsequently called for refreshments, and those who, for purposes of commerce, visited the port of Canton, whether English, French, Dutch, Danes, or Swedes, concurred very generally in representing the Chinese as a people deficient in real science, and totally devoid of every moral principle. But the evidence of such visitors, however, could not in fairness be considered as conclusive; and many doubts yet remained, when the question was taken up by M. Pauw, who, in a work of extraordinary merit, published under the title of *Recherches Philosophiques sur les Egyptiens et les Chinois*, discussed, in a very ingenious and satisfactory manner, the pretensions of the Chinese to the supereminent quali-

ties which had so generally been ascribed to them. This inquiry seems to have arisen from some learned strictures published in the *Memoirs de l'Academie des Inscriptions*, most of them by M. de Guignes (the father of the gentleman whose work is now under consideration) the object of which was to prove that the Chinese were originally a colony from Egypt. M. Pauw not only exposed the fallacy of such a conclusion, but incontrovertibly showed that not one single point of resemblance ever existed between the two nations. A performance of so much ability, in which not merely the judgment but the veracity of the missionaries was impeached, could not be silently passed over by the advocates of the Chinese. The abbé Grozier, in his preface to the *Histoire Generale de la Chine*, accuses the author of wilful misrepresentation, falsehood, and calumny, and is highly indignant at the effrontery of a German philosopher, who, from his easy chair at Berlin, presumed to pronounce judgment on a distant people whom he never saw. This argument, however, would equally apply to the abbé Grozier's *Description generale de la Chine*, which is a mere compilation from the accounts furnished by the missionaries, the abbé having no more local information than M. Pauw. The former, who was furnished with abundance of materials, seems deficient in the faculty of discrimination, whilst the latter, with great ingenuity, has sifted the grain from the chaff.

The works regarding China, having been mostly published on the continent, excited but little interest in England. Our connexion with that country was confined to one spot, and our concern limited to one object. We cared little about China so long as it supplied us with Bohea and Souchong. At length, however, an event occurred which drew the attention of the English towards that country. This was the embassy of the

earl of Macartney to the court of Peking. The national curiosity now became so impatient to be gratified with some account of China and its inhabitants, that a publication, patched up in London from the meagre journal kept by a menial servant of the embassadour, and plentifully interlarded with extracts from Du Halde and Grozier, went through several editions, before the "authentick account" from the secretary of the embassy could make its appearance. Since that event, our knowledge of China, though still very imperfect, has considerably increased.

The supposed failure of the English, said to be owing to their obstinacy in not submitting to the Chinese ceremony of salutation, was a spur to Mr. Van Braam, the chief of the Dutch factory, to try what might be done by an unconditional submission to all that Chinese etiquette should require. He therefore solicited permission from the council of Batavia to proceed to Peking; the council, though they approved the proposal, did not consider him as a proper person for the situation of ambassadour, but sent Mr. Titsingh, one of their own members, appointing Mr. Van Braam as his deputy. M. de Guignes, having little employ, as *Resident de France à la Chine*, offered his services to Mr. Titsingh, who took him under his protection, in the capacity of secretary and assistant interpreter. Of this embassy we have two narratives; the one by Mr. Van Braam, in two very bulky and very stupid quarto volumes, and the work which is now before us, from the pen of M. de Guignes. The account given by Van Braam, though as clumsy a production as ever issued from the literary workshop of a Dutchman, contains some valuable facts; and we are not sorry, on the whole, that his ideas and observations have been laid before the publick, as it is only by a comparison of the descriptions and sentiments of

different writers, that we can hope to obtain any thing like a correct view of nations that are otherwise inaccessible to us. From M. de Guignes, however, we were naturally led to expect a great deal more than from Mr. Van Braam. He had resided among the Chinese for many years; he had studied their language; he was educated, we may say, in the very focus of literature; he travelled under the protection of an ambassadour, to whom he acted occasionally as interpreter; he traversed the whole extent of the empire from north to south, proceeding by land to the capital, and returning by water to Canton; and to sum up all, he has taken twelve years to compose his book. Let us see then how far, under all these advantages, he has realized our expectations.

His book is arranged under three general divisions.

1. *Tableau de l'Histoire ancienne de la Chine.*
2. *Voyage à Peking; and, Retour de Peking.*
3. *Observations sur les Chinois.*

The matter contained under the first of these, is little more, in fact, than a *precis* or abstract from the ponderous work of that indefatigable missionary le père Mayrac de Mailla, published in twelve quarto volumes by the abbé Grozier, under the title of *Histoire generale de la Chine*, with occasional extracts from the translation of the *Choo-king*; yet this transcript occupies no less than two hundred and fifty pages of the first volume. We could have wished that M. de Guignes had been candid enough at least to acknowledge the sources from which he derived the information contained in this superfluous part of his work. In a book of travels announced to the world under this title, we are not prepared to look for a history of the change of dynasties, the succession of the imperial family, and the miraculous circumstances which foretold or accompanied those important

events. We do not mean to depreciate the history of China. We consider it, on the contrary, as a curious and valuable record of the transactions of times antecedent to the period from which the earliest European history is dated. We object not to the many miraculous events, and the several instances of the interposition of a supernatural power, which occur in all ancient history. We object only to a mutilated abstract being placed at the head of a work avowedly announced as a book of travels. The *Table des Empereurs*, exhibiting their names in the characters of the Chinese language, and the *Itineraire*, which precede this historical abstract, might quite as well have been omitted, being of little use, except to increase the size of the volume.

The second division of the work occupies the remaining part of the first and one hundred and forty six pages of the second volume. It is a journal of the progress of the embassy to and from the capital, with a detailed account of its proceedings there, and of the feasts and entertainments given on the occasion, at the court of Peking, and in the gardens of Yuen-min-yuen. Although we cannot compliment M. de Guignes on the clearness and accuracy of his descriptions, or on the depth of his observations and reflections, we are yet inclined to believe that his statement of facts is strictly correct. We believe also that the objects which he has endeavoured to describe are such only as came under his own observation. This part of the work, therefore, we consider as original, interesting, and valuable. It presents to us almost daily notices of the general nature of the surface, the soil, and the productions of the country; it gives us the appearance of the habitations, and the dress of the people; it describes the various modes of travelling; it abounds with complaints of the rogueish tricks of the mandarins; of

the insolence of the common people; of the wretchedness of the Kongquan, or houses of accommodation; the scarcity and bad quality of their provisions; the miserable condition of the horses provided for them; and the mean and contemptible carriages and palanquins in which they were conveyed. With an attention rather more minute than was absolutely necessary, M. de Guignes has noted down every bridge, pagoda, triumphal arch, and building of a public nature, which occurred in the course of each day's journey: and here, by the way, we must be allowed to enter our protest against the general misapplication of the words *pagoda* and *triumphal arch*. Use too frequently gives a sanction to abuse, which, however, is but a poor apology for the continuance of error. The Chinese word *ta*, or the English *tower*, might with more propriety, be adopted than the Persick *pagod* [*Boot-kooda*] which conveys the erroneous idea of a temple; and as for the objects which M. de Guignes, and all the missionaries before him, have dignified with the name of triumphal arches, they bear so little analogy to buildings of this description, either in form or intention, that there is not even the semblance of a curve in any part of their construction, being invariably a triple rectangular gateway of wood or stone, thrown across a road or street, and bearing an inscription over the central passage to designate their use, which is, generally, to record the integrity of some great mandarin, or the chastity of some antiquated virgin; two characters, which, from the honours thus bestowed upon them, it may be concluded, are not very common among this virtuous people.

We have already observed that the natural productions of the country are not unnoticed by M. de Guignes. They are noticed, however, in so vague and general a manner, as to convey but a small degree of

information. Neither he nor any of the party possessed the least knowledge, as it would seem, of natural history, philosophy, or, indeed, the least taste for them; which, in this age, when every boarding-school miss is a botanist, and every school-boy knows something of the sciences, is a defect in a modern traveller that will not easily be pardoned by those readers who look for information. Of the manner in which M. de Guignes has noted down his daily remarks, and of their mode of travelling, the following will convey a tolerable idea.

"About four in the morning, seated, *deux à deux*, in our carts, which we had taken the precaution to line with greatcoats, we proceeded on our journey. The country is parched and dry, and thickly covered with dust; the roads, however, are bordered with trees, and this is the best circumstance attending them. The houses have a most wretched appearance, and look as if they were built of ashes, or rather cinders. The pagodas are abandoned; the idols thrown down, and exposed to the weather! Such was the coup-d'œil which presented itself to us before we reached the town of Hokien-fou. Here our drivers lost their way, and we had to wander up and down several streets. We observed a few gateways of brick, and a house here and there, of a tolerable appearance. That which was selected for us, belonged to the government. It was very spacious, and contained a number of rooms on the ground floor, most of which had *estrades*, or raised platforms of brick.

"After eating some fruit, we remounted our miserable and inconvenient carriages. Here we were very ill at ease, and jolted at every step beyond endurance. The shocks frequently dashed us one against another, and we had the utmost difficulty to escape mutual bruises, notwithstanding all our greatcoats. The cart was so short, that our feet hung out before; and to this unpleasant circumstance, we had to add that of being completely covered with an impalpable dust, which filtered through the mats that formed the back of the carriage, and mixed with that which rolled upon us in front; for having no light on the sides, we were compelled to keep the fore-part open, that we might see the country. Such are the coaches, and such the diligences of the Chinese."

Tom. i. p. 350.

The summer amusements of the emperor of China, and his court, have been described in a lively and entertaining manner by the earl of Macartney. M. de Guignes has furnished us with specimens of their winter recreations in the frozen gardens of Yuen-min-yuen, and we should have laid them before the reader if they had possessed either interest or novelty. They consist, in fact, of such tricks of agility as may be seen at our country fairs, and of displays of fireworks, in which the Chinese must be allowed to excel. Even M. de Guignes is not a little scandalized at "seeing the emperor and his ministry amuse themselves with contemplating such paltry performances, and, above all, at their choosing to exhibit their fireworks by day, or when the moon was at the full." p. 416.

Upon another occasion, after being entertained with a vast display of fiery dragons, snakes breathing flame, and men clothed in fire, and capering about with lanterns fixed on poles, they were presented with the following curious exhibition, intended, perhaps, as a sublime allegorical representation of an eclipse of the moon:—

"A number of Chinese, placed at the distance of six feet from one another, now entered, bearing two long dragons of silk, or paper painted blue, with white scales, and stuffed with lighted lamps. These two dragons, after saluting the emperor with due respect, moved up and down with great composure; when the moon suddenly made her appearance, upon which they began to run after her. The moon, however, fearlessly placed herself between them: and the two dragons, after surveying her for some time, and concluding, apparently, that she was too large a morsel for them to swallow, judged it prudent to retire; which they did with the same ceremony as they entered. The moon, elated with her triumph, then withdrew with prodigious gravity; a little flushed, however, with the chace which she had sustained."

It is curious to observe, how well informed the Chinese appear to have

been of the determination of the Dutch to submit to every demand, however humiliating; and how industriously they sought for opportunities of bringing poor Van Braam's head to the ground. Three genuflections and nine prostrations to "a man of his kidney," for, like Falstaff, he was "out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass," were attended with no little inconvenience, and the Chinese seemed to enjoy it; for on every trumpery present of a plate of meagre venison or insipid sweat-meats, the two ambassadours were duly called upon to bow the knee to the absent Baal! In these, and other petty circumstances concerning the conduct of the court towards the embassy, M. de Guignes is as tediously minute as if he imagined that the detail would be interesting to his readers, or honourable to his friends.

The last, and probably not the least valuable part of M. de Guignes's work, though, like the first part, injudiciously placed in a book of travels, is that division which bears the title of "*Observations sur les Chinois*." These observations occupy 330 pages of the second, and 362 pages of the third volume. They embrace a great variety of subjects, distributed under more than one hundred different heads, but placed promiscuously without regard to any systematick arrangement. Though presented as original observations, they have but little claim, in point of fact, to that title, being, for the most part, a compilation from the writings of preceding authors, with here and there an attempt to find fault with the more recent accounts of China, especially with those of sir George Staunton and Mr. Barrow.

Having thus drawn a very general outline of the contents of M. de Guignes's book, we shall now proceed to make a few observations on particular parts of it: extracting, in the first place, such passages as more immediately relate to the general

character of the nation, and the manners and condition of the people, as viewed by this impartial observer; for such he professes himself to be, and such we are inclined to believe he really is.

"I describe the Chinese," he says, "such as I found them. I have no wish to depreciate them, but I am certainly far from thinking that they are a nation of sages, a steady and rational people, who scarcely require the restraint of law to be just."

Yet, though he does not consider them with the abbé Raynal, a nation of philosophers, he thinks they are deserving of a better character than they have received at the hands of Mr. Pauw and Mr. Barrow.

"In reading the latter," he says, "it is easy to perceive that he has frequently adopted the opinion of a man, whose prejudices against the Chinese are notorious, and whose account of that people is singularly erroneous." p. 214.

It appears to us, however, that M. de Guignes, if we may trust his own account, saw them in most respects, in as bad a light as either of the abovementioned authors. We perceive nothing, either in his journal of occurrences, or in his observations, of that decent and orderly demeanour among the middling and lower classes of this country, which has so frequently been extolled, and held up for the example and admiration of the rest of mankind. On the contrary, we are told that, while the suite of the ambassadour were left by their bearers freezing with cold in their miserable palanquins, which he describes as

"Open, and only furnished in front with a wretched screen of cloth; the populace, to get a better view of them, quickly tore the whole away, and left them exposed to a keen north wind." p. 279.

At another time his bearers ran away, leaving him perched in his crazy chair, in the midst of the rain, while the peasantry annoyed him by

pushing about the machine, opening the little windows, tearing away the curtains, and then laughing at the ridiculous situation in which he was placed.

"The people," he observes, "of these countries, seem very prone to mockery, and often laughed without cause." And again, the "Chinese appeared very insolent: they followed us sneering and sniggering, and one of them had the impudence to thrust his hand into my pocket." Tom. i. 339.

A little further on, he complains of their impertinence:

"The people of this canton are arrogant and inquisitive to a very troublesome degree. They opened our palanquins, tore the curtain, and insulted us in the grossest manner." p. 463.

Not far from the same place, they were pursued by the populace, who abused them, and pelted them with mud [tom. i. p. 348] and at no great distance from the capital, M. de Guignes tells us, that, being mounted on a lame horse, and left behind his companions, the people not only hooted, but threw stones at him, [tom. ii. p. 9.] So much for the urbanity and decency of manners among the million of China! Had these intrusions been merely the effect of extreme curiosity, they might admit of some excuse; but curiosity has never been held to form a part of the Chinese character; and their conduct can only be ascribed to that intolerable self-conceit, and that gross ignorance of the rest of mankind, which induce those semi-barbarians to consider all foreigners as belonging to a class of animals, much inferior to themselves, whom they are pleased to denominate by the opprobrious name of *Fan-quei*; which, without deviating widely from the idea meant to be conveyed, may be rendered "subjects of the devil."

M. de Guignes seems very unwilling to believe that the Chinese can possibly be guilty of infanticide; but,

unfortunately for his scepticism, there is on record such a host of incontrovertible evidence of the existence of this unnatural crime, that all argument to throw discredit on the fact, must fall to the ground. We observe, also, that, in treating of this subject, he is either guilty of a wilful misrepresentation, or that he is very imperfectly acquainted with the English language, from which he pretends to quote. Thus, after making Mr. Barrow assert, that 30,000 infants are annually exposed *in the capital*, he adds:

"This gentleman, however, soon corrects himself, and reduces this exorbitant number one half, and even much more than one half." Tom. ii. p. 286.

We have taken the trouble of turning to the passage alluded to in "Barrow's Travels," where we find it runs thus. "The number of children thus unnaturally and inhumanly slaughtered, or interred alive, in the course of a year, is differently stated by different authors, some making it about ten, and others thirty, thousand *in the whole empire*. The truth, as generally happens, may probably be about the middle. The missionaries, who alone possess the means of ascertaining nearly the number that is thus sacrificed *in the capital*, differ very materially in their statements: taking the mean, as given by those with whom we conversed on the subject, I should conclude that about twenty four infants were, on an average, *in Peking*, daily carried to the pit of death." [*Travels in China*, p. 169.] The number, therefore, stated by this author, instead of *thirty*, is considerably less than *nine*, thousand sacrificed in the capital. M. de Guignes, however, is as little cautious in contradicting his own statements, as in misrepresenting those of others. In speaking of the dreadful famines, which, he says, depopulate sometimes half the provinces, but which we are inclined to believe never yet took place to any thing like this extent, he observes:

"Fathers then expose, sell, and even kill their children; thousands of people perish, and *eat one another*; circumstances which actually took place in Chan-tong, in 1786." [Tom. iii. p. 65.] And again, he says, "this feeding on human flesh is not a story forged at pleasure, but an undoubted fact. Nor is this the only instance of it. About the same time too, in the northern part of Hou-Kouang, thirty persons were buried alive, by a party of famished wretches to whom they had refused some rice." Tom. ii. p. 163.

We are rather surprised that M. de Guignes, after taking upon himself to vouch for these people being in the habit of eating human flesh, and of burying their fellow creatures alive, to neither of which, with submission to his superiour means of information, we feel disposed to give the least degree of credit, should boggle at the practice of infanticide, especially after gravely assuring us that there are cases where fathers expose, sell, and even *put to death*, their own children. We are persuaded that, how much soever, the Chinese may pretend in their maxims to value the life of man, they are, in reality, indifferent to the feelings of human misery and human suffering. M. de Guignes tells us as a fact, which must have come within his own knowledge, that, on such a day, six of their coolies died from famine and fatigue [Tom. i. p. 320] and this horrible event he simply enters in his journal as if it were a common occurrence, and required no comment.

It may, perhaps, be objected, that the general character of a nation is not to be estimated fairly from the manners and conduct of the lower orders of the people, but rather from the state of society as it exists among the middle class. In China, however, there is no middle class. There only the great and the little, are to be found; the governours and the governed, or, more strictly speaking, the drivers and the driven.—Wealth, in China, loses that influence which it acquires in most other countries; for without office, a Chinese

has no consideration distinct from the mass of the people. Wealth, it is true, may and does purchase the insignia of office, but none of its power; such a purchase is a mere voluntary tax upon vanity, and operates only as a gratification to him who has the folly to pay it. Let us see then what M. de Guignes has to say on the manners, character, and conduct of the mandarins, or nobility of China.

In the first place, those great men who were delegated to conduct the ambassadour and his suite to the presence of their sovereign, not only defrauded the wretched, half starved palanquin bearers of the greater part of the pitiful allowance to which they were justly entitled, but occasionally degraded their high situation so far as to pummel them with their fists if they attempted to remonstrate. They pocketed the money that the government allotted for the pay of the ambassadour's Chinese servants. They sold half of the regulated allowance of provisions for the ambassadour and his train. [Tom. ii. p. 439] The first minister (or rather the favourite of the six *Colaos* which compose the cabinet, for in fact there is no such person as prime minister in China) condescended to appropriate to his own use two pieces of clock-work, which were amongst the presents for the emperour, substituting two mean baubles of no value in their stead, to prevent a disagreement in the number of articles contained in the catalogue. The many little tricks which the Dutch experienced on their long journey to and from the capital, from these ministers of state or their deputies, can only be classed with the finesse of a post-boy, or a tavern-waiter, in Europe. So much for the honour and integrity of the great men of China.

Their good breeding is about equal to their integrity. Of this M. de Guignes furnishes abundant proof. We shall not, however, weary our readers with the disgusting detail,

but proceed to the passage in which the author sums up the national character.

"The Chinese are active and laborious. They have no great genius for the sciences; but they have an aptitude for commerce and the arts. They are supple and pliant, though haughty; and look with contempt on other nations, to which they believe themselves very superiour: maintaining, in this, the character of their ancestors, who are described by Pliny and Amm. Marcellinus as a sober and peaceable people; but resembling wild beasts in the carefulness with which they shunned the company of other men

"The Chinese are selfish, and prone to deceive. I have seen the peasants cram their poultry with sand to increase their weight. During our journey, the Chinese stuffed the rolls of silk, which were presented to us, with paper, to make them appear more bulky; and at Peking, the mandarins gave M. Van Braam spurious gin-seng for true. Fraud is so habitual to this people that they do not esteem it an evil. It is, according to them, simple dexterity! They love gaming, and debauchery; and under a grave and decent exterior, succeed, better than others, in hiding their vices, and irregular propensities and passions. Humble in their discourse, frivolously minute in their writings, and polite without sincerity, they conceal, under an appearance of coldness and indifference, a most vindictive character. They have no mutual attachments, but endeavour to injure one another. Cruel when they are the strongest, and cowardly in danger, they are attached to life; though instances are to be found of their destroying themselves. Suicide, however, is less common among the men than the women, with whom it is the effect of jealousy, of rage, or of a wish to involve their husbands in trouble." Tom. i. p. 161.

We have heard of Roman matrons dying for their husbands, and even teaching them how easy it was to die; but it was reserved for a Chinese wife to commit suicide in order to draw her surviving husband into a scrape.

On the so much vaunted politeness of the Chinese, M. de Guignes makes this general, and we believe just remark: "Politeness with them is merely a habit, and ceremony occupies the place of sentiment." And

elsewhere he observes, with equal correctness:

"When the missionaries inform us, that the grandees are even afraid to jostle a seller of matches, they somewhat exaggerate the politeness of the mandarins. In China, it is not sentiment which generates respect, but compulsion and terror. The road of duty is clearly defined, and whoever deviates from it, is quickly brought back by the bamboo." Tom. ii. p. 458.

And he sums up the character of the government in these words:

"I have lived long in China; I have traversed this vast empire from north to south; every where I have seen the strong oppress the weak, and every man, who possessed the slightest portion of authority, make use of it to vex, to harass, and to crush the people." Tom. ii. p. 438.

His ideas of the government are equally unfavourable. The emperor is a complete despot; his ministers are all knaves and hypocrites; and the whole fabrick is founded on tyranny and fraud. Each provincial mandarin strives to deceive his superiour, that superiour the great officers at court, and these the emperor!

By what causes and contrivances, so unwieldy, so badly planned, and worse constructed a machine, has continued to rub on and produce its effect for so many thousand years, while more perfect systems have successively mouldered into decay, and many of them totally disappeared, M. de Guignes does not enable us to determine; nor, indeed, does he furnish any new lights to assist us in the inquiry. For the attainment of this knowledge, more information is necessary than the mere enumeration of the departments of government, and the number and rank of the mandarins, or officers of state. This we have already heard, and, to say the truth, the tale is not one of that kind which, *decies repetitum, placebit*.

Under the head of *Classes de Citoyens*, M. de Guignes is very ill in-

formed in saying there is no permanent or hereditary nobility; and that the family of Confucius alone enjoys an honorary distinction, which passes in a direct descent. On the contrary, titles, pensions, and privileges are conferred on many families for services rendered to the state, transmissible to the descendants. He is also mistaken in dividing the people into seven classes; the law acknowledges no such division. Mention, indeed, is made in Chinese books of their distribution into four classes, called *Se*, *Nung*, *Kung*, and *Shang*: that is, the literary, agricultural, manufacturing, and mercantile classes; but this, if it ever existed, has been obsolete for ages, and the law now distinguishes only the privileged orders, officers and others in the civil and military employment of government, and the people.

The state of the arts and manufactures our author has described under a variety of heads. In some he is abundantly tedious; in others not sufficiently clear and explicit. Thus we have minute descriptions of the dwellings of mandarins, of city gates, of bridges, barges, &c. of the splendid painting and decoration of the imperial palace, and of the humble furniture of the peasant's cottage, whilst he affords little information on the subject of those arts in which the Chinese excel, as in the composition and application of colours, and varnish, and the manufacture of porcelain. He tells us, however, that old Chinese ink is good for the stomach and sovereign in cases of hæmorrhage, which, he gravely adds, is not surprising, since it is composed of glue de peau d'âne, an infallible remedy, it appears, for a spitting of blood. [Tom. ii. p. 236.] under the heads of *Hatching of Ducks*, *Salutations*, *Dress*, *Feasts*, *Food*, *Marriage Ceremonies*, *Funerals*, &c. we do not perceive that M. de Guignes has added any thing deserving of particular notice to what is to be found on those subjects in the works of Du Halde and the abbé Grozier.

On the state of slavery in China the missionaries have not been very explicit. Originally such only were considered as slaves who were made prisoners of war, or who, for their crimes, were by law condemned to that situation. At present, however, a father has the power to sell his children as slaves. But the state of slavery in China is very different from that which exists in the European colonies; they can at any time be enfranchised on certain conditions; they are considered as members of the family in which they live; they partake of its pursuits; follow its fortunes; and are in many respects superiour, in their condition, to our apprentices.

"During our journey to Peking," says M. de Guignes, "one of our Chinese domesticks purchased a little boy. He then drew up a writing, by which he engaged to maintain and clothe him. The instant it was finished, he called the child his brother, and treated him as if he had really been so."

Under the head of *Comedie*, M. de Guignes complains of the total want of decency on the Chinese stage, where he observes: "L'acteur met tant de verité, que la scène en devient extrêmement indécente;" a remark which he strongly illustrates by an example, of which he was an eye witness, where the heroine of the piece "devint grosse et accoucha sur le théâtre d'un enfant."—[Tom. ii. p. 324.] The excoriated lady, strutting about the stage without her skin, as described by Barrow, is decency itself when compared with this.

We pass over the compilations which he has arranged under the titles of *Sectes de Lao-kiun et de Fo*; *Secte de Confucius*; *Juifs*; *Christianisme*; *Mahometans*; *Cultes*; *Sortes*; *Pagodes*; *Bonzes*; and *Fêtes*; because we do not perceive that they add to our previous information on these subjects. Neither has M. de Guignes thrown any new light on the nature of the extraordinary language of this country; on the contra-

ry, his attempt to construct a grammar, on the plan of a Latin or Greek grammar, for what has neither inflexion, change of termination, nor the least variation in the expression of the original monosyllable, is not only absurd, but conveys a very erroneous idea of a language the most meagre and imperfect in use among civilized society. The written character, however, is exceedingly curious; but the account of it by M. de Guignes conveys not half the information that may be acquired by consulting the *Meditationes Sinicae* of Fourmont, or the *Museum Sinicum* of Bayer. The nature and construction of the system on which the Chinese character is founded, are satisfactorily explained by sir George Staunton and Mr. Barrow.

Our brethren of the north attribute the ignorance of Englishmen with respect to every thing that concerns China to a want of "that encouragement which a wise and liberal government ought long ago to have afforded." We should be surprised, indeed, if government, in their estimation, could, by any possible accident, stumble upon what was right. In the present instance, however, it so happens that government neither has, nor can have the least concern. Our intercourse with China is exclusively commercial, and confined to the East India company; and this being the fairest field in their extensive patronage; the harvest is reserved for the near connexions of the court of directors. It is a sort of family patrimony from which strangers are carefully excluded. In a few years it produces a certain fortune to their sons, or nephews, or cousins, without the employment of capital, or risk, or talent, or exertion. The whole establishment consists only of twelve supercargoes and eight writers. The latter have a small, annual allowance and a free table; and they succeed, in rotation, to the situation of the former, who have also a free table, and annually divide among

themselves, in shares proportioned to their seniority, a sum seldom falling short of 70,000*l.* arising from a per centage on the value of the import and export cargoes, and producing to each individual from 1,500*l.* to 8,000*l.* and to the chief of the factory from 10,000*l.* to 12,000*l.* a year. The services to be performed for this liberal remuneration, consist in a residence of three or four months every year at Canton, for the purpose of delivering the imported goods to the Hong merchants, and of shipping the teas for England. They then retire to Macao for the rest of the year, where they have little or nothing to do, except to make out and register the daily bills of fare for the information of their honourable employers, who, perhaps, may be desirous of seeing that their servants abroad do not keep a better table than themselves at home. Here they are cooped up within a space not exceeding two or three miles, with scarcely any society but what is formed among themselves. Thus circumstanced, it might be supposed that they would fly with avidity to the study of the Chinese language and Chinese books, as a relief from *ennui*. But no: Yet it cannot be said, that there is any want of liberal encouragement, though there certainly is of a proper stimulus. The directors are sufficiently aware of the importance of their servants possessing a knowledge of the Chinese language, and are by no means backward in holding out encouragement for the pursuit of it, as appears by their recent appointment of sir Geo. Staunton as Chinese secretary and interpreter, with a salary of 500*l.* a year, in consequence of the essential services derived from his knowledge of that language. But an additional salary of 500*l.* a year, cannot be expected to operate very powerfully in stimulating others to acquire a difficult language, where the field is equally open to them for the attainment of 12,000*l.* a year, without this know-

ledge. In fact, the whole system is faulty, but the remedy is obvious and of easy application. It requires only, that before a writer be appointed to China, he shall be able, from recollection, to write down the 214 keys, or radical characters of the Chinese language, which a boy of fifteen, of an ordinary capacity, would accomplish in three months. With this introductory knowledge, and the help of a Chinese dictionary, he would be enabled to make considerable progress in the course of his voyage to China; but, alas! where is such a dictionary to be found? There are, indeed, plenty of them in this country; but they are all in manuscript. It is easy, however, to have one of them printed. True; but how is the expense to be defrayed? To publish a Chinese dictionary, with an explanation in some European language, of ten, twelve, or fifteen thousand characters, would, perhaps, require one third part of the sum which is annually expended in—but sacred be the festive board of the directors! We will suppose, however, the dictionary printed: the writer, thus prepared should not be allowed to succeed to the situation of supercargo, until he could read the first class of school books usually put into the hands of Chinese youth; nor should a supercargo ever attain the enviable pre-eminence of chief, until he was able to address, by letter or memorial, in appropriate language, the members of government at Canton. By these or similar regulations, so that the knowledge of the language should be a *sine qua non*, either to an appointment or preferment, we should soon learn something more of the Chinese than the stale stories of the roguery of the common people, and the rapacity of the mandarins. We should augur much better from such a proceeding, than from any progress in Chinese literature, which can be hoped for from the recent establishment at Hertford.

In treating of the *Population* of China, M. de Guignes has ventured to launch into a wider field of speculation and argument than he is accustomed to do on other subjects; but his reasoning is inconclusive; and, after all, he leaves us as much in the dark, with regard to the real state of the question, as when we first set out. He tells us that, from what *he saw* in the course of his journey to and from Peking, he is convinced that the population of China cannot exceed that of *other countries*. From so vague a statement, nothing can be collected; and the ocular proof, which he accounts so decisive, is worth no more than the opinion that a stranger might form of the population of London, by walking from Portman to Russell square, in the month of October. M. de Guignes doubts the accuracy of the enormous population of China, as furnished by the mandarins to Lord Macartney; but his endeavour to discredit the statement, on account of a greater population being assigned to the province of Pe-che-lee than to Kiang-nan, while the latter is of greater extent than the former, is not a very happy specimen of critical acumen. As well might he assert that the United Provinces are less populous than the mountainous tracts of Siberia, because the latter is much greater in extent than the former. For our own part, we see no reason to call in question the authenticity of the statement furnished by Père Amiot from the *Tai-tsing-ye-tung-tché*, a sort of Encyclopedie or Circle of Science, published by the authority of the late emperor Kien-long. According to this census, the population at the present time may amount to about two hundred millions of souls. It is an official document; and in a country where all are liable to personal service, and where the omission of enrolment on the public registers is a penal offence, government must necessarily possess a pretty accurate knowledge

of the number of inhabitants which compose this extensive and populous empire.

If M. de Guignes has given little information respecting the population, his statements concerning the publick revenue and expenditure are still less satisfactory; his premises are conjectural, his data gratuitous, and consequently all his calculations and conclusions of no value. We could wish he had given us more facts, and fewer extracts from other authors without acknowledgement from whence he drew them. Had he applied the small degree of knowledge which he appears to possess of the Chinese language, to the study of Chinese books, he might have been able, with the assistance of a native Chinese at his elbow, to collect a mass of very valuable information. We have heard enough of what Europeans say of the Chinese: we could now wish to hear what the Chinese have to say of themselves.

China is, perhaps, the only nation that has succeeded in adapting a scale of punishments to every species of crime. Here every offence, be it what it may, has its prescribed expiation; and the whole code is drawn up in such concise and intelligible characters, and so widely circulated throughout the empire, that no one can plead ignorance of the consequences that must result from the commission of any penal offence. The necessity is thus precluded of advocates and attornies; neither of whom are in fact known in China. The administration of justice is here wholly an affair of government, and free from all cost to the parties, unless that of a few strokes with the bamboo for occasioning trouble in frivolous cases.

There are four kinds of punishment for criminal offences:

1. A given number of blows with the bamboo, according to the nature and magnitude of the crime, from ten to one hundred, which the pri-

vileged orders (being officers of state) are allowed to commute for a proportionate fine.

2. Temporary banishment to certain distances, according to the nature and magnitude of the offence.

3. Perpetual banishment.

4. Death, the sentence of which admits of three degrees: first, by strangling; second, by decollation; and third, by a slow and painful process, in cases of treason, rebellion, sacrilege, and other crimes of extraordinary atrocity. M. de Guignes, by some strange mistake, has converted the third degree of punishment or "perpetual banishment" into that of "*Tirage des Barques*," tracking the publick barges. No such punishment is mentioned in the *Leu-lee*, or *Code of Penal Laws*, where, if it existed at all, it would most certainly have appeared. The mistake is partly copied from Grozier, and arose, in the first instance, perhaps, from a misconception of the character, the general meaning of which is, *to flow as a stream*, but which, in the above mentioned code, is used for *perpetual banishment*, probably in a metaphorical sense, implying that as the waters of a river are removed from their source to the sea, never to return, so is the exile removed from his home and his friends. The very context, mentioning the distances, as quoted by M. de Guignes, points out his mistake; the "punishment of tracking the Imperial barges is imposed for two hundred, two hundred and fifty, and three hundred leagues, according to the enormity of the crime"; which, in fact, are the distances to which the offender is to be perpetually banished. Tracking of barges, is one species of personal service to which the land holders are liable; it is possible, also, that the magistrates may possess the power of inflicting it as a punishment for petty crimes and misdemeanors. It gives us no small degree of pleasure to observe the notice of a

translation in the press of the *Leu-lee*, or *Code of Penal laws* above mentioned, by sir George Staunton. From this work we are persuaded, that more real knowledge may be collected, than from all the volumes which have hitherto appeared in Europe on the subject of China. We have long known that the whip and the bamboo are powerful instruments in the hands of government; but they are not sufficient to explain and unfold the system, by which such a mass of population has been kept so long in due order and obedience to the laws. We sincerely hope that sir George will not stop here; having commenced his literary career with an arduous and important undertaking, we trust that he will not be deterred by any obstacles in the path which he has thus marked out for himself. If, without being deemed guilty of presumption, we might venture to recommend to his attention any particular class of books, we should say that the world would be most highly gratified by translations from those numerous collections of moral tales with which we know the press in China to abound; or of those dramatic productions in which are represented the manners and customs of real life, and the state and condition of domestick society. Faithful versions of this kind would, in a great degree, supersede the tiresome papers scattered over the numerous volumes of the *Lettres edifiantes et curieuses*; and the mass of matter that is now shut up in the fifteen ponderous quartos of *Memoires sur les Chinois*. Du Halde and Grozier would then serve only as compilations of notes, to be referred to occasionally for the illustration of particular passages. But, we have extended our observations on this article as far as our limits will allow. We shall therefore only remark that, under the head of *Commerce* and other subjects immediately connected with it, M. de Guignes has employed no

less than one hundred and thirty pages, a great portion of which consists of matter that is altogether absurd and fallacious. He describes, for instance, companies and factories as flourishing in 1808, which actually ceased to exist near half a century ago; and he leads us to suppose that the French are still carrying on a flourishing and lucrative trade with China; whereas, it is well known, that not a single French ship of any description has, for the last seventeen years, made its appearance in the river of Canton, with the exception of one or two small vessels during Mr. Addington's truce. It would seem that the national vanity would not permit him to announce to the world the total annihilation of the trade and intercourse of France with that country.

We find nothing deserving of particular notice in the few remaining pages of the last volume, which are occupied with a brief account of the author's voyage to the Phillipine Islands, the Isle of France, and from thence to Europe. The "*Table Alphabetique des matieres*," which concludes the volume, would be useful, if the passages referred to were to be found under the respective pages indicated in the table. Upon the whole, we are not altogether satisfied with M. de Guignes's performance. It is not what the title page professes it to be, a book of travels; and, with the exception of the short diary of a journey to and from the capital, it might have been composed in the purlieus of the ci-devant Palais Royal by a person whose travels never extended beyond the suburbs of Paris. Considering the many advantages which the author possessed, we were certainly led to expect something better; the name too had long been familiar to the literary world. But great talents are not hereditary, any more than great virtues; and the commercial agent of China can never be recognised, by the present

work, as a descendant of the learned and ingenious author of the "*Histoire des Huns*," the translator of the "*Choo-king*," and the writer of many valuable articles in the "*Memoirs de l'Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*."

We shall add but one word on the folio Atlas of plates which accompanies these volumes. It is in fact a most wretched specimen of the state of the fine arts in the capital of *la Grande Nation*; indeed the whole performance is so miserable, as even

to disgrace a Chinese artist; to whose drawings, in fact, if we are not greatly deceived, the engraver has been indebted. Yet many of these tame and trumpery prints bear the names of no less than three persons; thus we have "*De. Guignes fecit*;" "*Duval sculpsit*;" "*De-seve direxit*." In this respect the national character has suffered no change; a Frenchman must still call to his assistance the whole ocean, when a pail of water would be more than sufficient for his purpose.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Memoirs of Josias Rogers, Esq. Commander of his Majesty's ship Quebec. By the late William Gilpin, M. A. Prebendary of Salisbury, and Vicar of Boldre, in New Forest. Published by his Trustees for the Benefit of his School at Boldre. 8vo. pp. 184. Price 6s. boards. 1808.

CAPT. ROGERS having been Mr. Gilpin's parishioner, and well known to him both in his private and his professional character, Mr. G. deemed it a duty to avail himself of various documents which fell into his hands, by paying a just tribute to departed worth in the record of a meritorious life. He accordingly composed the memoirs before us, which form a very interesting historical tract, entertaining even to the general reader, and highly honourable to the lamented subject of them; who was carried off by the yellow fever, at Grenada, 24th April, 1795, aged only forty. To the most amiable personal qualities, he added the highest professional merits; and the events of his life display such

evidences of his zeal, his activity, his judgment, his coolness, his intrepidity, and his knowledge, as render him an object well worthy of the contemplation and imitation of all young heroes of the ocean. The energy of his mind, indeed, and the versatility of his talents, which enabled him to act on shore as a soldier with as much honour and effect as at sea in his more immediate sphere, assimilate his character very much with that of the illustrious Nelson. He has left one brother, captain Thomas Rogers, also of the royal navy; having had the mortification of losing another brother, and a nephew, out of his own ship, by fever, while in the fatal West Indies.

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

Singular local Changes in the relative Situations of France, England, and Holland; occasioned by the Encroachments of the Sea.

THE recent accidental discovery of a chart of the British channel, seen at Calais in 1798 by a Dutch captain, said to be 850 years old, in the possession of a respectable inhabitant who had been mayor of that place, seems to have thrown a very strong light upon the *encroachments of the sea*. This chart, delineated on parchment, extended on the east to Heligoland; on the north to Orfordness; and on the west to the present site of the Isle of Wight, which then formed a part of the main land of England. The principal headlands, as they now exist, were correctly laid down. Between Dover and the opposite side of the coast of France, there was a space of three miles only; Calais must, therefore, have been then situated in the interior. Not any entrance was described either into Dunkirk, Flushing, or Beerhaven. The island of Goree being attached to the main land, of which it formed a part, there was not any passage to Rotterdam. Not any Flemish banks were laid down; the space occupied by them, and immediately between them and the coast opposite, likewise constituting a portion of the main land. But in the North Sea, the depth of water in this chart corresponded with the present depth. The Vlie, or Fly Island as it is now called, was connected with the main land.

Such and so extraordinary are the encroachments which the sea ap-

pears to have made on this part of the coast; as, in the space described, the more prominent and elevated headlands are on the side of England, it would seem that, with a reference of three miles only, instead of seven leagues, forming what is called the Strait of Dover, the great, if not the entire loss of land, must have been on the side of France; the sea continuing to gain until it was stopped by the cliffs of Calais, and the elevated lands in the vicinity. The headlands, styled the Forelands, north and south, then existed as at present. That part of England, therefore, cannot have sustained any material loss in the space of nearly nine centuries, since this chart was made: but, towards Hampshire, the deperdition of soil must have been considerable, if the Isle of Wight was then really connected with the main land. Reasoning from the other data supplied by this ancient chart, it is presumable that the opposite coasts of France, Flanders, and from Dieppe, perhaps, to the farthest extremity of the latter country, must have been greatly deteriorated by these encroachments. Let the age of the chart be considered, and reflection be made at the same time on the constant ravages the sea is known to have more recently committed in different quarters, the above facts, however extraordinary, will then not appear entirely void of probability.

Letter from W. Richardson, D. D. late Fellow, Trinity College, Dublin, to Thomas Allen, Esq. containing Facts and Observations relative to the Variety of Irish Grass, called FIORIN.*

SIR,

IN compliance with your request, I shall throw together some facts and observations on the subject of our Irish *Fiorin Grass* (whose luxuriance you admired so much at Portrush in the course of your late tour) selecting, as well as I can, such circumstances as I have slightly or not at all touched upon in my former publications relative to this very extraordinary grass.

The attention shown to such of these as have already reached your country, is very gratifying; and the experiments making upon fiorin, or rather the attempt to cultivate it about Edinburgh, are to me highly flattering, and lay me under an obligation of aiding such spirited efforts with every cooperation in my power.

The condition I lay myself under of searching for *new* matter, must necessarily make this communication somewhat desultory; but, even so, should you think fit to present it to the Farmer's Magazine, I readily consent.

PORTRUSH FIORIN CROPS.

I shall commence (for the encouragement of those who live in bleak situations) with the history of the stripe of meadow I showed you at Portrush, little more than one hundred yards from the rocky shore of the Northern Ocean.

The ground, raised by nature a little above the level of the meadow, which I had got possession of five or six years ago, was so light, dry and poor, that, in 1805 and 1806, I did not consider it as worth mowing, but left its crop standing, to be eaten with the aftergrass with the rest of the meadow, when my cattle should be turned in.

In the year 1807, desirous to bring this unproductive part of my field into a profitable state, I planted potatoes in it with the usual quantity of dung; and when they were dug out late in September, laid it down with fiorin, having just at that time acquired some knowledge of the great value of this newly discovered grass.

Late in September 1808, the stripe was mowed; and I then published, in an addition to the memoir honoured with a medal by the board of agriculture, the mower's affidavit, that it was the finest meadow he ever cut; and also the testimony of the magistrate who administered the oath, that the crop seemed double the quantity usually had on so much ground.

The same person has just now mowed it again, and thinks the present crop much better than that of last year, though very different; the strings which compose the present crop being little more than one third of the length of those he had cut before; but the deficiency in the length of the strings of the second year was more than compensated by the prodigious increase of their number. The hay is now, September 23d 1809, in lap cocks; and the country people who come to see it, are fully satisfied that I must have carried in hay at night from another place, to increase the quantity, for bravado.

The second stripe at right angles to the former, whose shaking mat and enormous strings surprised Mrs. Allen and you so much, was circumstanced and cultivated in the same way the following year. It was laid down in the middle of September 1808, in the presence of earls O'Neil and Gosford, then at my house; both

* For another publication on this subject see Select Reviews, Vol. II. page 401.

these noblemen being anxious to witness the process of laying down fiorin grass, which, by that time had acquired considerable celebrity.

Your inquiries were particularly directed to the proper seasons for laying down a grass, the accounts of whose enormous produce had sometimes reached you in print, and of which you are now a competent judge yourself.

PROPER TIMES FOR LAYING DOWN FIORIN GRASS.

I have, on different occasions, stated that fiorin grass will thrive well if laid down with roots or strings any day in the year.

I was certainly right, when looking only to the grass itself; but, when crops are our object, other circumstances must be taken into consideration and we must inquire what are the periods of its enemies and competitors, and when will fiorin grass encounter them at the greatest advantage.

Here we must speculate *a priori*, and look to the separate natures of the rivals contending for possession.

Fiorin is in perpetual vegetation; while the other grasses and weeds it has to contend with, have only their paroxysms of growth, and their periods of torpor.

Let us avail ourselves of these opposite habits, and put down fiorin, when the powers of its competitors are not in action, and it probably will have acquired vigour enough to overpower them when they resume their efforts, at first feeble.

I shall illustrate this by example.

Aware of the importance of the point to which you direct your inquiries, I determined to ascertain it with precision; and in 1808, as I dug my potatoes; from the 1st of August, I, every third or fourth day, dressed and laid down the ground with fiorin strings and roots, every one of which came on well; but unfortunately so did its spontaneous competitors.

I interfered and wed, but in vain; the promiscuous vegetation came on

with vigour; and the feedling grasses were not distinguishable from the nascent sprouts of the fiorin.

Thus, though a single root of fiorin had not failed, its rivals had got on so much better, that, early in July, I was obliged to mow an indiscriminate fleece, of which the predominant grass was *Holcus lanatus*.

What was put in later produced a very different result, viz. the magnificent crop I have mentioned, exclusively fiorin. The reason is obvious; the middle of September is (at least in that harsh climate) too late for spontaneous vegetables to come forward with success; of course, the fiorin was left in exclusive possession until spring.

To return to your question. I consider, from the above and similar observations, that the best months for putting down fiorin are October, November, and December; some of my finest crops were laid down on the 18th of the preceding December.

In January, February, and March, fiorin will come on well; even put down in April and May, if carefully wed, it will, in rich ground, give a tolerable crop that year.

FIORIN SEED.

You ask, does not fiorin grass produce seed? and, if so, why not propagate by seed as with other grasses?

Seed, no doubt, and in the greatest abundance is produced; but the young tendril is so diminutive, and so slow of growth, that it is nearly impossible to protect it from weeds and other grasses which do not mark their species early. With much difficulty I reared two or three small spots from the seed; but, in extensive practice, seed is inadmissible.

SOILS FIT FOR FIORIN CULTURE.

You were surprised at a position you had met with in some publication of mine, *that fiorin thrive equally in all soils, the wettest and the dryest*.

The term *equally*, in strictness,

may have been improper. I meant equal health, but certainly not equal luxuriance.

I can confirm my revolting position by strong facts.

October 1806, in forming a new *hortus irriguus*, for experiments in irrigation, my dam flooded a ditch, containing many fiorin roots, not one of which was destroyed; they still continuing to send up their strings to the surface, after being covered for three years by water 20 inches deep; and they are carefully preserved for inspection.

Again, in April 1807, I planted a fiorin root on the top of my garden wall, ten feet high. At the time, I put some little earth about it, but never watered, or even approached it since; yet it has continued for three years in good health in that dry situation. I often, indeed, find fiorin roots growing on the rough sides of old walls, and particularly at the deserted castle of Benburb near me, and on earl O'Neil's park wall.

In practice, through an extensive and much diversified farm, I have not yet found a single spot so wet, or so dry, that fiorin may not be (or rather has not been) cultivated to advantage on it.

I do not possess any light, loose, dry, sandy soil; yet am sanguine enough to expect, that a valuable crop of fiorin hay might be obtained from such ground, after a slight top dressing, tolerably rich; and I earnestly recommend the experiment to the possessors of such land.

That fiorin will grow there, *nature* tells us in the most convincing manner; for its panicles, at this season, abound on every spot of the description. That it will be *luxuriant*, if kept in exclusive possession, and effectually protected, I speculate thus.

Our common meadows, whose hay is chiefly composed of the *stalk* bearing the panicle, come to their period of perfection between the inflorescence and the ripening of the seed,

mostly in June and July; then their vegetation ceases. Their luxuriance, of course, depends much on the quantity of rain that fell in May and June; and when these months happen to be dry, our hay crops fall off greatly.

Fiorin crops depend on circumstances totally different; for though the panicles of this grass are very abundant, and come forward in July, it is not upon them we depend for our crop: it is on the *strings*, or *stolones*, infinitely more abundant, and of far superiour quality.

But the periods of vegetation of the *stolones* is very different. Their greatest paroxysm is in September. I think they vegetate rather more in October than in August. They increase their length a good deal in November, and continue growing through December.

Hence I expect it will follow, that in the driest, and even sandy ground, the fiorin strings will find moisture enough at the latest periods, in which it has pleased nature to call their powers into action.

SEASON FOR MOWING FIORIN, AND MAKING IT INTO HAY.

The late growth of the *stolones*, in which the value of the fiorin hay *exclusively* consists, induces the necessity of mowing at a very late period; and fortunately, nature has endowed those strings with powers wherewith to brave the severities of the season to which they must necessarily be exposed, during the process of converting them into hay.

You ask me—at what time I *really* intend to mow the fourteen acres of fiorin meadow I have now standing?

My positions relative to winter, and even spring hay-making, have been deemed so revolting, as greatly to discourage fiorin culture, and have stopped many who otherwise would have engaged in it.

Hence, to prevent the ill effects of so general a prejudice, I found it necessary to establish the *facts*

supporting this new practice, by irresistible evidence; and to demonstrate the existence of the course upon which this curious property of fiorin depends; and to deduce, from uncontroverted principles of natural philosophy, that this effect necessarily follows from the cause whose existence I have established.

I have precluded myself from recurring, in this letter, to former publications; and therefore confine myself to a direct answer to your question.

The answer is to the same purport with a notice which I published last year in my own country, and have lately sent to England, viz. *That I would mow and make hay on the first and fifteenth of every month, from October to March inclusive; and that I would take care to have hay in the field, exposed to the weather during that whole period.*

I commence mowing this year somewhat earlier; and, as I must soon leave the northern shore, I began to cut my Portrush meadow, September 25th.

You saw it four or five days before, and can bear testimony to its high state of vegetation. I made you remark the surface bristling with innumerable green points, like the teeth of a flax hackle; every one of them in full growth, adding rapidly to the length of the string, of which I showed you that it formed the point; of course, that I lost much in quantity by so early mowing.

On the 1st of October, I shall cut the fiorin in my plantations, orchards, that close under hedges, and, in general, whatever is exposed to have its hay adulterated by falling leaves.

October 15th, I shall mow my irrigated fiorin, allowing full time to make it into hay, and to take it off before November 10th, when I wish to let in the water.

I shall mow the rest, as suits my convenience, on the 1st and 15th of the succeeding months; promising to

your countrymen, as I did to the English, that whoever comes, or *stands* to inspect my proceedings, shall have fiorin roots, strings, seeds, and full instructions on every process relative to it; and also be taught how to know it *at home*; where, I can assure them, it is the most common grass with which nature has clothed their country.

Quantity—AMOUNT OF FIORIN WINTER CROPS.

For the *quantity* and the *quality* of my fiorin crops, I must refer to the printed defence of my sanity, which has been often impeached on account of my paradoxical positions relative to this grass.

You will see there, that it was proved, before the earl of Gosford and lord viscount Northland, by the oath of the person who assisted me in measuring the ground and weighing the hay, that one portion, *not* manured the preceding year, produced at the rate of *six tons* the English acre; and that another portion which had been manured, produced at the rate of seven tons, four hundred, 1 quarter, and 8 pounds; that the hay, when weighed, was dry, rattling, and merchantable by *weight* between man and man. The two noblemen certifying, at the same time, for the superiour quality of the hay.

WINTER GREEN FOOD.

Should the enormous quantity and great value of fiorin crops prove insufficient to tempt your countrymen to venture upon Christmas hay-making, there is another most important use to be derived from fiorin grass, which relieves them from the necessity of encountering so formidable an operation; that is, an inexhaustible stock of winter *green food*, which can be mowed *daily* for their milch cows.

Though I have pressed this topick in different publications, I must, in this instance, deviate from my rule of seeking new matter, and earnestly

recommend the culture of fiorin in Scotland, had it nothing to recommend it but this solitary advantage.

I do not proceed upon mere speculation; the value of fiorin, as a *winter* green food, is established by practice. Two years ago [1807] I tried it on a small scale, with complete success. Two acres of this grass *last year* [1808] left me (after my hay experiments) a considerable quantity for my milch cows, which, while it lasted, both enriched their milk and increased its quantity. For this year I have an abundant stock; and, probably, during the rest of my life, my cows will not taste *dry* hay.

Here is an additional motive for inspecting my proceedings. Those who are not disposed to believe my statements upon the quantity of my fiorin crops; and those who are obstinate in denying the possibility of saving hay in the midst of winter, may be curious about this *new fact*, and willing to ascertain the existence of a valuable winter green food of such easy acquisition.

PROCESS OF MAKING HAY AT CHRISTMAS.

I shall conclude by replying to a question, which you, as well as many others, have often put to me.

By what process can I save hay in the three winter months, when, exclusive of the deluges of rain, and falls of snow, to which it must be exposed, evaporation is rarely in action; a season, during which the atmosphere is rarely disposed to absorb moisture, but is, generally, parting with what it holds dissolved?

I was not so hardy as to speculate *a priori*, upon the success of so unusual a practice. The facility of saving fiorin hay *in winter*, I discovered by accident, as I have detailed minutely in a memoir published in the Transactions of the Belfast Literary Society, and it was some time afterwards that I discovered, and stated to the world, the *principle* upon which this curious property (peculiar to fiorin

hay) depends. I cannot now go over the same ground again, but shall proceed to what I have not stated before, viz. *my mode of making hay in winter*.

To look for a fine day at that season might be vain, and to wait for it where the quantity of hay is considerable, must be inconvenient; besides, the close *flat* soil of this grass is always so wet, that rain, at the time of mowing, could not make it worse; but, from the length of the strings, it rises from the scythe so rough in the sward, that the air has a free passage through it, and also in the lap-cock; nor in either does it receive injury, though it should be exposed for weeks without turning.

I open out the hay in the first stirring wind, which soon carries off its exterior damp, whether it came from rain, or was acquired while lying flat on the ground. As for its own *internal* juices, I am anxious to retain them.

As soon as the *surface* is dry, I hurry the hay into lap-cocks, when I consider it safe from all danger.

In the next wind (after a week, and I care little how much longer) I open the cocks for half an hour to let the air pass through them; hurry eight or ten of them into a large cock, in which it will stand the winter safely; but, as wind might scatter it, I consider it more prudent, in another windy day, to throw it into cocks as large as men can build, without treading. These, secured by two ropes (easily made from the long strings) will certainly stand secure until wanted for house or other consumption, and need not be removed from the place where they stand, as their surfaces will not bleach, nor their bottoms rot, as happens in other hay-cocks.

Thus a most troublesome and expensive part of the process of securing our hay will be saved; I mean, that of bringing it home, and putting it into large ricks; an operation, during which, the farmer's whole

stock of hay is much exposed to the weather in late and uncertain seasons; and also to another serious danger, that of heating in the rick.

These advantages may help to compensate for the loss of *aftermath*, which, in fiorin meadows, is necessarily given up; but the real compensation lies in the enormous quantity, and the superlative quality of the hay itself.

Should the conductor of the Farmer's Magazine honour this com-

munication from another country, with a place in his collection, I shall cheerfully reply, through the same channel, to any inquiries that may be made relative to this grass, whose *value*, at least, is a new discovery, and whose great superiority over other grasses is more strongly marked in our very *worst*, than in our *best* grounds. I am, sir, your very humble servant,

W. RICHARDSON, D. D.
Moy, Ireland.

TERRESTRIAL WATERSPOUTS.

IN the evening of 26th of June, 1809, a terrestrial waterspout appeared about a league southeast of Carmagnole, in the department of the Po. The weather was stormy. The cloud which gave rise to this meteor was grayish, and not very large; but it began to lengthen on one side, forming, as it were, a very sharp tail, which approached the earth in a serpentine line. The cloud had then the shape of a reversed cone, part of which emitted a very perceptible yellowish light; this cone, about half way between the summit and base, might be eight or nine yards in circumference. As it approached the earth, a kind of cloud that looked like smoke, having also the appearance of a kind of cone, was formed, and its summit advanced towards the waterspout. The duration of this meteor was twenty minutes, during which it traversed a space of more than eight hundred yards, and then descended in a deluge of water. In its way, it overthrew a young oak, and stripped the bark from a mulberry tree, the roots of which were almost entirely laid bare, by the removal of the earth which covered them. The bark was reduced to a dry, whitish, and almost friable substance. The lower cone also exerted its fury upon the dust, which it raised, and the corn which

was then cut in the fields, and which it carried away and dispersed. A man, who was in the line traversed by this phenomenon, feeling himself beginning to rise, held by a bush, that he might not be carried away. A quarter of an hour after the disappearance of the waterspout, there was a thunder storm, with hail. The thermometer was at 18°, and the mercury in the barometer, which at first stood at twenty seven inches six lines, rapidly fell, 2 1-2 lines.

Another phenomenon, attended, however, with still more mischievous effects, occurred on the 8th of July near Aix, in the department of Mont Blanc. The wind was south, and the thermometer at 22°; the cloud in which it originated, appeared in the form of a waterspout, about six miles from Aix, at a considerable elevation. It proceeded along the chain of the Lesser Alps, situated northwest of Chambery. It was slightly charged with electric matter, and carried along with it a prodigious mass of flakes of ice, with a tremendous noise. Having traversed the distance of about eighteen miles, along the summit of the mountains, a contrary current of wind meeting it above lake Bourget, about six miles from Aix, detached a portion which was carried toward the north northeast; while the other continued its course

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westward, towards the Lyonnais. In both directions, the storm spread devastation through the vallies. The town of Annecy has not a single pane of glass, or tile left whole. The lumps of ice were as large as a man's fist; some weighing 3, 3½, and even 4 pounds. Numbers of the country people are wounded; several shepherds are killed, and great

numbers of cattle killed and wounded. The desolation is general throughout a tract of forty two miles. The progress of the column of ice along the mountain, opposite to Aix, exhibited the most terrific, and at the same time imposing spectacle that can possibly be conceived.

DESCRIPTION OF MEUDON.

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Meudon, September 7, 1791.

YOU ask me, my sister, for a further description of my abode, if that can be called an abode where I am only a transient lodger, and from whence I every moment expect to receive a summons to depart; for, alas! I know not whither! You ask, too, my motives for preferring this place, which in my last letter I told you was melancholy, to Versailles or St. Cloud, where I could equally have the advantage of gardens, or to Chaillot, Passy, or some other pleasant village, more immediately adjoining to Paris. My dear Fanny, I prefer this place, *because it is melancholy, and because it is retired.* Here, as I wander over the deserted gardens, I seldom meet any body but the men who keep them in something like order, and who do not even look back at me, or mark my solitary walks. There are at Meudon two palaces, one of very ancient structure and long quite uninhabited: the other built, or at least repaired, by the dauphin, father of the present king, which Louis the XVIth has occasionally inhabited, and which contains many handsome apartments. They both stand in the same garden, which has never received any modern improvements; and in many parts of it the borders are destitute of their former ornaments; and, of many of the trees and shrubs that remain.

"The boughs are mossed with age,
And high tops bald with dry antiquity."

Adjoining to the most ancient of these royal houses, which terminates a long avenue and a large court, is a chapel with an arched gateway, leading to it from the garden, and surrounded by paved passages and high cloisters; and it is on some broken steps, that, near these almost ruinous buildings, lead from the lower to the upper garden, I frequently take my pensive seat, and mark the sun sinking away above the high coppices that are beyond the gardens (and I imagine form a part of them, though I have not yet ventured to wander so far.) A yet more cheerful seat I have found for my less melancholy moods, on the wall of the terrace on the opposite side, which looks down immediately on the village of Meudon; where, among its pleasant looking houses, they still point out the habitation of the celebrated *Rabelais*. As I never enjoyed, because, perhaps, I do not understand his works, I contemplate it not with so much pleasure as it would afford those who can admire them.—Of late, my Fanny, I have found this view too *riante*, and have adhered almost every evening, after I have put my little ones to bed, to the old steps: where I hear no sounds but the bell of the convent of Capuchins (which is on a high ridge of land, concealed by

trees, about half a mile from the old palace) or the wind murmuring hollow through the iron gratings and stone passages that lead round the chapel, from whose windows of painted glass I can fancy the sullen genius of superstition peeps forth, sighing over his departed power, in melancholy responses to the summons that call the monks to their evening devotions. I often meet, as I come through the avenue, some of these venerable fathers, who, with slow steps, and downcast eyes, their cowl frequently covering their faces, and their arms crossed upon their breasts, pass me; apparently so occupied by their holy meditations, as not to hold an insignificant being like me worth even a salutation. But why should that seem discourteous, which is probably a part of their religion? I ought also to consider, that, besides the gloomy austerity of their order, they are now, perhaps, more austere, because they are unhappy. They believe their altars are violated, and their profession rendered odious; they fear their subsistence may fail them, and that they may be turned out into a world which is seldom too kind to the unfortunate, and is likely to treat *their* misfortunes with ridicule instead of pity. I have observed, within this last week, one among them who seems more restlessly wretched than the rest. I remark him every day pass by the windows of the house where I live, with a little basket in one hand, and a staff in the other; his hood always concealing his face; and his tall figure bending as if weighed down by calamity. After the morning duties are over, I see him glide among the trees in the garden, or among the vines that clothe the declivity towards the village. More than once he has come forth of an evening from the cloistered passages of the chapel, and, with solemn step, crossed near me to attend the last offices of the evening, when he hears the

bell from the convent echo among the winding colonades. There is something particularly affecting to me, in beholding this solitary mourner, whose griefs, though they are probably of a different kind from mine, are possibly as poignant.—Perhaps he was once a gay and thoughtless inhabitant of the world. He may have seen (for he does not appear to be a young man) these now deserted palaces blazing in the splendour of a voluptuous court. Among its vanished glories, he may have lost all he loved; and he has now, it may be, no other consolation than visiting, in the *cimetière* of the chapel, the stone on which time is destroying even the sepulchral memorial of his beloved object. My house is just like other French houses; and its only recommendation to me is the melancholy sort of repose, and the solitary walks, which its immediate neighbourhood to the gardens of Meudon afford me. The windows command great part of the view between this place and Paris, to which it would be difficult for the pencil to do justice: with a pen, it were hopeless to attempt it. The first yellow tints of autumn are hardly stealing on the trees, increasing, however, where they have touched them, the beauty of the foliage; the sky is delightfully serene; and a sunset in the gardens here exceeds what I ever saw in England for warmth and brilliancy of colouring. No dew falls, even when the sun is gone, though we may call the evenings now autumnal evenings. I shall probably meet my fellow sufferer, for such I am sure he is, the solitary Capuchin. I have just seen him walk towards the palace garden. Well! and is there not satisfaction in beholding a being, who, whatever may have been his misfortunes, seems to have found consolation and fortitude in religion? I have often entertained a half formed wish that he would speak to me:—perhaps his own sufferings

may have taught him that tender sympathy with the sufferings of others, which is often so soothing to the sick heart, and he might speak of peace to me ! I am sadly distressed here for want of books; the few which, with such a quantity of necessary baggage, I was able to bring with me, I have now exhausted; and though my good friend, monsieur Bergasse, has sent me some from Paris, they happen to be such as I cannot read with any pleasure. I have supposed it not impossible that the monk might supply me from the library of his convent. This deficiency of books has compelled me to have recourse to my pen and my pencil, to beguile those hours, when my soul, sickening at the past, and recoiling from the future, would very

fain lose its own mournful images in the witchery of fiction. I have found, however, a melancholy delight in describing these sufferings. I usually take my evening seat on the flight of steps I have described to you. Sometimes, when I am in more tranquil spirits, I sketch, in my port folio, the wild flowers and weeds that grow among the buildings where I sit; in some parts, ivy holds together the broken piles of brick from whence the cement has fallen; the stone crop, and the toad flax cower or creep among the masses of disjointed marble; several sorts of antirrhinum still wave their pink and purple blossoms along the edges of the wall; and last night I observed mingled with them, a root of the field poppy, still in flower.

The following Account of the Locusts of Africa is from Jackson's Morocco.

LOCUSTS are produced from some unknown, physical cause, and proceed from the desert, always coming from the south. When they visit a country it behoves every individual to lay in a provision against a famine; for they are said to stay three, five, or seven years. During my residence in West and South Barbary, those countries suffered a visitation from them during seven years. They have a government among themselves, similar to that of the bees and ants; and when the sultan Jerraad, king of the locusts, rises, the whole body follow him, not one solitary straggler being left behind to witness the devastation. When they have eaten all other vegetation, they attack the trees, consuming first the leaves, and then the bark, so that the country, in the midst of summer, from their unsparing rapacity, bears the face of winter. In my travels, I have seen them so thick on the ground, as sometimes actually to have covered my horse's hoofs as he went along. It is very annoying to travel through

a host of them, as they are continually flying in your face, and settling on your hands and clothes. At a distance, they appear, in the air, like an immense cloud, darkening the sun; and whilst employed in devouring the produce of the land, it has been observed that they uniformly proceed one way, as regularly as a disciplined army on its march; nor will it be possible to discover a single one going a different way from the rest. In travelling from Mogador to Tangier, before the plague in 1799, the country was covered with them. A singular incident then occurred at El Araiche; the whole country from the confines of Sahara to that place was ravaged by them, but after crossing the river El Kos, they were not to be seen, though there was nothing to prevent them from flying across it. Moreover, they were all moving that way, that is to the north; but when they reached the banks of the river, they proceeded eastward, so that the gardens and fields north of El Araiche were full

of vegetables, fruits, and grain. The Arabs of the province of El Garb considered this remarkable circumstance, as an evident interposition of Providence.

This curse of heaven can only be conceived by those who have seen the dismal effects of their devastation. The poor people, by living on them, become meagre and indolent, for no labour will yield fruit, whilst the locusts continue increasing in numbers. In the rainy season they partially disappear, and at the opening of the spring the ground is covered with their young. Those crops of corn which are first mature, and the grain which becomes hardened before the locust attains its full growth, are likely to escape, provi-

ded there be other crops less forward for them to feed upon.

In the year 1799, these destructive insects were carried away into the Western Ocean by a violent hurricane; and the shores were afterwards covered with their dead bodies, which, in many places, emitted a pestilential smell; that is, wherever, the land was low, or where the salt water had not washed them. To this event succeeded a most abundant crop of corn, the lands which had lain fallow for years, being now cultivated; but the produce of the cultivation was accompanied with a most infectious and deadly plague, a calamity of which the locusts have often been observed to be the forerunners.

[From the Asiatick Researches.]

NUPTIAL CEREMONIES AMONG THE HINDOOS.

THE ceremonies, of which the nuptial solemnity consists, may be here recapitulated. The bridegroom goes in procession to the house where the bride's father resides, and is there welcomed as a guest. The bride is given to him by her father, in the form usual at every solemn donation, and their hands are bound together with grass. He clothes the bride with an upper and lower garment, and the skirts of her mantle and his are tied together. The bridegroom makes oblations to fire, and the bride drops rice on it as an oblation. The bridegroom solemnly takes her hand in marriage. She treads on a stone and mullar. They walk round the fire. The bride steps seven times, conducted by the bridegroom; and he then dismisses the spectators, the marriage being now complete and irrevocable. In the evening of the same day, the bride sits down on a bull's hide, and the bridegroom points out to her the polar star as an emblem of stability. They then partake of a meal. The bridegroom remains three days at

the house of the bride's father. On the fourth day, he conducts her to his own house in solemn procession. She is there welcomed by his kindred, and the solemnity ends with oblations to fire.

Among the Hindoos, a girl is married before the age of puberty. The law even censures the delay of her marriage beyond the tenth year.—For this reason, and because the bridegroom, too, may be an infant, it is rare that a marriage should be consummated until long after its solemnization. The recital of prayers on this occasion constitutes it a religious ceremony; and it is the first of those that are performed for the purpose of expiating the sinful taint which a child is supposed to contract in the womb of its mother.

On the practice of immature nuptials, a subject suggested in the preceding paragraph, it may be remarked, that it arises from a laudable motive: from a sense of duty incumbent on a father, who considers as a debt, the obligation of providing a suitable match for his daughter.

This notion, which is strongly inculcated by Hindoo legislators, is forcibly impressed on the minds of parents. But, in their zeal to dispose of a daughter in marriage, they do not, perhaps, sufficiently consult her domestick felicity. By the death of an infant husband, she is condemned to virgin widowhood for the period of her life. If both survive, the habitual bickerings of their infancy are prolonged in perpetual discord.

Numerous restrictions in the

assortment of matches impose on parents this necessity of embracing the earliest opportunity of affiancing their children to fit companions.—The intermarriages of different classes, formerly permitted, with certain limitations, are now wholly forbidden. The prohibited degrees extend to the sixth of affinity; and even the bearing of the same family name is a sufficient cause of impediment.

Humboldt's Observations on the *Gymnotus Electricus*, or Electrick Eel.

THE terrour and dislike which the Indians of South America showed to encounter the shock of the *gymnotus*, opposed an insurmountable obstacle to the wishes of our author, to have live fish brought to his lodgings at Calabozo; so that he was reduced to the necessity of repairing to the pond where the *gymnoti* inhabit, to assist at the fishing, and to make his observations on the spot. He was, accordingly, conducted by a party of Indians, to Caro de Beza, a stagnant, muddy pond of water; and there the scene which ensued no less surprised than entertained our travellers; for the Indians began their preparation for catching the *gymnoti*, by driving about thirty half-broken horses and mules into the water, the banks of which they guarded, and then, by means of their cries, their poles, and harpoons, endeavoured to prevent the retreat of the horses, reluctantly forced to enter the pool. The intention of this stratagem, it seems, is, that in the battle which ensues between the *gymnoti* and the horses, the former, by the repeated discharges of their electrick organs, may so far exhaust the powers of their shocks, as to be afterwards more safely and easily caught and dragged on shore.

Accordingly, no sooner had the cattle been driven into the water,

than the *gymnoti*, enraged at the intrusion, began hostilities, by discharging their batteries through the breasts and bellies of the enemy, with such frequency and force, as soon completely to overpower both horses and mules. All appeared stunned and alarmed; some fell down, and often disappeared for a while beneath the surface of the water. Two were fairly drowned; and some who, in spite of the vigilance of the bystanders, made their escape, sunk down on the bank, enfeebled and benumbed.

When the battle had continued about a quarter of an hour, the eels became in their turn exhausted, and their electrick strokes more and more feeble; while the cattle, sensible of the weakness of the enemy, recovered from their panick, and renewed the combat, till the *gymnoti* fled before the horses, and approached the banks, where they were easily seized and dragged on shore by the line and harpoon.

The electrick strokes communicated by a *gymnotus*, in full vigour, is sufficiently powerful to stun the sensibility and paralyze the masculine powers of a horse; and such a stroke passed through the belly and chest, would, in the opinion of our observer, be sufficient to kill a man. The stroke received by him, from the

comparatively exhausted fish, when first dragged on shore, exceeded in force any he had ever experienced from a large Leyden phial completely charged. On another occasion, the concussion having passed through the lower extremities, he suffered severe pains in the knees, and in almost every joint, during the whole day. The kind of sensation which accompanies the stroke of the gymnotus is, he remarks, somewhat different from that received from an electrick conductor from the Leyden phial, or from the voltaick pile. The difference, though distinguishable at all times, is still more remarkable in the strokes of the fish considerably exhausted. A sort of thrilling vibratory sensation is propagated along the touching extremity, and is succeeded by a disagreeable numbness. It seems to be this peculiar sensation that has conferred on the gymnotus the names of *tremblador*, and *anguille tremblant*, in the Spanish and French settlements.

It is observed by Humboldt, and by

Gay Lusac, that the torpedo yields strokes only when the electrick organs are touched; that the stroke is more severe when the whole hand is applied, than when the animal is touched with a single finger; and that when it strikes it is observed to move, convulsively, its pectoral fins. But from every part of the body of the gymnotus, indifferently, strokes may be obtained, as powerful too, from the application of a little finger as of the whole hand; and when the animal strikes, no perceptible motion can be observed.

If the brain be destroyed, or the head separated from the body of the gymnotus, the power of communicating shocks is instantly lost; and, though the apparatus remains otherwise entire, no electrick phenomenon can be observed. Nay, the muscles seem now unexcitable, even by artificial, galvanick combinations; for no contractions were observable on arming them in the usual way with zinck and silver; the heart alone could be thus excited.

MISCELLANY.

THE ART OF IMPROVING TURKISH BEAUTIES.

THE students in *gastronomy* [i. e. the epicures] at Paris, have lately amused themselves with speculations on the mode adopted (as they say) in the seraglio to produce that *embonpoint*, which is considered as a *sine qua non* in Turkish beauty. They describe it in the following manner: These indolent beauties are put into a narrow and feebly enlightened place; are kept almost constantly reclined on well stuffed cushions, and are bound to observe a strict silence. Their only amusement is playing a few notes on the theorbo, beating the tympanum, or adjusting their headdresses before a looking glass. They bathe twice a day; they

are wrapped up voluptuously; their fair skin is made extremely smooth and supple by essences, and to render the whole effective, they are crammed with a soup made of maize, sweetened with honey, or sirup of dates. As this is a regular custom among the Asiatics, it is probable, that the procedure is not without some foundation in nature. Although fashion at present prescribes to our fair readers a certain slenderness of shape, which, in a moderate degree, is graceful, yet when among its revolutions it shall require an *embonpoint*, we trust they will bear in mind the efficacy of dark rooms, soft cushions, strict silence, and maize soup!

Curious Anecdote of L'Abbé Moliere.

THE abbé Moliere, who had distinguished himself in France by his observations on the astronomical systems of Descartes, was so extremely simple in his manners, that, taken from astronomy, he was a stranger to every thing. He was so poor, that having no servant, and often not even wood to make a fire, he would study in his bed, in which he would sit up, with his small clothes placed upon his head by way of night cap, the legs hanging over his shoulders; and thus accoutred, pursue the deepest speculations.—While writing one morning in this curious position, he heard a knock at the door. “Who is there?” cried the abbé, “come in.” A person entered, whom the abbé did not notice, but continued writing, till roused by the intruder, who demanded his money. “Money!” said the astonished Moliere, “Yes, your money,” replied the other. “Oh, I understand, you are a thief.” “Thief or no thief, I must have money.” “Indeed! very well, feel in this pocket,” turning one leg of his small clothes towards the villain. No money was, however, to be found. “Here, then,” said the abbé, “take this key; go to that closet, and open the third drawer in the bottom of the bookcase.” The thief opened the second. “Ah! leave that alone, those are my papers: don’t disturb them: you’ll find the money in the next.” The thief found it. “Now shut the drawer;” but the other waited not for that ceremony, but betook himself to flight: “Mr. Thief, pray shut the door—diable, he has left it open; what a rascal of a thief! I must get up in the cold to shut it; deuce take him.” Thus saying, the abbé jumped out of bed, shut the door, and resumed his labours.

ANECDOTES.

A lady from London was lately taking a rural walk near Cheltenham,

and in her *devious* paths appeared not very scrupulous as to the sacred barrier of hedges, &c.—A farmer, who, in an old-fashioned way of thinking, did not exactly see the necessity of his being put to the inconvenience and expense of repairing the prostrate fences, ventured to remonstrate with the *fair Celia*, who exclaimed, with great simplicity: “Laud a mercy! I thought the country and the fields was *nobody’s*!”

When queen Elizabeth, in one of her progresses, soon after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, visited Shrewsbury, the mayor, on congratulating her on the memorable event, said: “When the king of Spain attacked your majesty, *egad*, he took the wrong sow by the ear.” The queen could not help smiling at this, and her admiration was further heightened, when, at her departure, he begged permission “to attend her majesty to the *gal-lows*!” which stood a mile out of town.

HUMANITY OF JUDGE POWELL.

Jane Wenham was tried for witchcraft before him; her adversaries swore she could fly: “Prisoner, can you fly?” “Yes, my lord.” “Well then, you may; there is no law against flying.” She lost her character, but saved her life; for he would not convict even by confession.

PASQUALI, THE MUSICIAN.

Pasquali, who is, we think, exhibited by Hogarth, in the character of the *Enraged Musician*, resided in Greek street, Soho. He was, we believe, the son of a painter of very considerable merit, particularly in the execution of small, but animated conversation pieces. This excellent artist died about the year 1700.

Pasquali the younger, who was

one of the performers at the opera house, was a man singular in his appearance and irritable in his temper. To this unfortunate propension his contemporaries were, *charitably*, in the almost constant habit of administering *food*; insomuch that it has been said, that a junto of them, who were fond of *tricks* and *mischiefs*, and who consequently, according to the fashion of those times, were called *humorists*, actually sent all those *vocal* and *instrumental* annoyances that appear in the print, who were characters well known at that period, and that *Hogarth* took advantage of the assemblage, and drew from nature a scene in which, as far as graphick delineation can convey ærial ideas, the most dissonant grating, abominable and harassing *sounds*, appear to be operating upon nerves of the most exquisite sensibility, in the moment when the efforts of study had expanded the springs of genius, and wound to the highest pitch of enthusiasm those mental exertions, which a breath will at any time repress, and the rustling of leaves, of silk or any thing, dissipate: in fact, at the very moment when the musician *was composing*.

ABSENCE.

The celebrated Hogarth was one of the most absent of men. Soon after he had set up his carriage, he had occasion to pay a visit to the lord mayor. When he went the weather was fine; but he was detained by business till a violent shower of rain came on. Being let out of the mansion house by a different door from that at which he entered, he immediately began to call for a hackney coach. Not one could be procured; on which Hogarth sallied forth to brave the storm, and actually reached his house in Leicester fields without bestowing a thought on his own carriage, till Mrs. Hogarth, astonished to see him so wet and fatigued, asked him where he had left it."

THE BOOKFISH.

The following account of the discovery of a book is very remarkable. It is contained in a letter from Dr. Samuel Ward, then master of Sidney college, Cambridge, to archbishop Usher, dated June 27, 1626. "There was the last week a cod-fish brought from Colchester to our market to be sold, in the cutting up of which, there was found, in the maw of the fish, a thing that was hard, which proved to be a book bound in parchment. The leaves were glewed together with a jelly; and being taken out, it did smell much at first, but after washing it Mr. Mede did look into it. It was printed, and he formed a table of the contents. The book was intituled, *A Preparation to the Cross*. Now it is found to have been made by Richard Tracey of whom Boyle makes mention, and says that he flourished in 1550." The book so recovered was published the following year, with this quaint title: "*Vox Piscis*; or, the Book-fish: containing three treatises which were found in the belly of a cod-fish in Cambridge market, on midsummer-eve last, 1626." 12mo.

CROMWELL AND MAZARINE.

Cardinal Mazarine having refused to deliver up Dunkirk, according to the articles agreed upon at the commencement of the war between France and Spain, in which war Oliver Cromwell engaged as an auxiliary, on the above condition, the protector wrote the following laconick and spirited letter to that minister:

"Thou traitor, Mazarine, if thou refusest to deliver Dunkirk into the hands of Lockhart, my friend and counsellor, whom I have sent with full power to receive it, by the eternal God, I will come and tear thee from thy master's bosom, and hang thee up at the gates of Paris."

POETRY.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

IN slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy
lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport
of the wind,
But watch-worn and weary his cares flew
away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er
his mind.

He dreamt of his home, of his dear native
bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's
merry morn;
While memory stood sideways, half cover-
ed with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted
its thorn.

Now fancy her magical pinions spread
wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy
rise,
Now far, far behind him the green waters
glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses
his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the
thatch,
The swallow sings sweet from her nest
in the wall,
All trembling with transport he raises the
latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to
his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of de-
light,
His cheek is impearled with a mother's
warm tear,
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the maid of his love, whom his
bosom holds dear.

The heart of the dreamer beats high in
his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse, all his hardships
seem o'er,
And a murmur of happiness steals through
his rest;—
“O God! thou hast blest me, I ask for
no more!”

Ah what is that flame which now bursts
on his eye?

Ah what is that sound which now
larums his ear?

'Tis the lightning's rude glare, painting
hell on the sky;

'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groans
of the sphere.

He springs from his hammock and flies
to the deck,

Amazement confronts him with images
dire,

Wild winds and mad waves drive the
vessel a wreck—

The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds
are on fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously
swell,

In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy
to save,

Unseen bands of spirits are ringing his
knell,

And the death-angel flaps his broad
wings o'er the wave.

O sailor boy, wo to thy dream of delight,
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-
work of bliss!

Where now is the picture that fancy
touched bright,

Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's
honeyed kiss?

O sailor boy, sailor boy, never again,
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes
repay:

Full many a score fathom deep down in
the main,

Unseen and unhonoured thy frame shall
decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance
for thee,

Nor redeem form or frame from the
merciless surge;

But the white foam of wave shall thy
winding-sheet be,

And the bleak winds in midnight of
winter thy dirge.

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs
shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral
shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber
be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion
below.

Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle
away,
And still the vast waters above thee
shall roll,
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye,
O sailor boy, sailor boy, peace to thy
soul! M.

THE BLACKBIRD.

[By W. Holloway.]

HARK! hark! how sweet yon blackbird
sings,

Before my casement on the tree!
Ah! rest dear bird! thy jetty wings,
And stay, and breakfast here with me!
Pluck where thou wilt the chosen fruit,
The goosberry, or cherry rare;
The owner will attend my suit,
And for my sake the plund'rer spare.
Thy tuneful predecessors here
Charmed me, in boyhood's idle days!
And now thy mellow numbers dear,
Remind me of their much loved lays.
For such companions have I sighed—
For shades and solitudes like these,
In scenes where tumult, strife, and pride,
Have much annoyed my bosom's ease.
Thine are the woods, and thine the vales,
Where thou mayst range with freedom
blest,
When I return where care assails—
For I am but a summer guest.
Well have we met—but meet no more!
Then, O! prolong thy little stay—
For soon, the song and visit o'er,
We each, dear bird! must flit away.

LINES

Upon the Death of the Lady of Lieut. Colonel Adams, who lately died of a Decline in the East Indies.

[By Sir John Carr.]

WHEN Time a mellowing tint has thrown
O'er many a scene to memory dear,
It scatters round a charm unknown;
When first th' impression rested there.

But oh! should distance intervene,
Should Ocean's wave, should changeeful
clime

Divide, how sweeter far the scene,
How richer every tint of time!

E'en thus with these, a treasured few,
Who gladdened life with many a smile;
Tho' long has passed the sad adieu,
In thought we love to dwell awhile.

Then with keen eye and beating heart,
The anxious mind still seeks relief
From those who can the tale impart,
How pass their day in joy or grief.

If haply health and fortune bless,
We feel as if on us they shone;
If sickness and if sorrow press,
Then feeling makes their woes our own.

'Twas thus of Mira oft I thought,
Oft dwelt upon the scenes she graced;
Her form in beauty's mould was wrought,
Her mind the seat of sense and taste.

Long hovering o'er her fleeting breath,
Love kept his watch in silent gloom;
He saw her meekly yield to death,
And knelt a mourner at her tomb.

METAPHORICAL EXPRESSIONS

AND LITERAL TRUTHS COMPARED AND
APPRECIATED.

Written in the year 1797, upon recovering from a pleurisy, and addressed to a passionate and poetick Lover.

WHILE flames of love employ *your* songs,
'Tis mine to chant inflamed lungs.
You sing of torments in the breast,
I, in the region of the chest:
They both are near; but which is best?
Deprived of breath, my pangs deny
The consolation of a *sigh*—
A consolation *you* enjoy.
Each time I cough, ten thousand smarts
Exceed the keenest of your darts.
Do you lament your *freedom* fled?
Behold me captive to my bed!
You rapturous *hug* the chains you *love*,
What can he hug, who cannot move?
You talk of fevers in the brain,
Of pangs that thrill through every vein:
Come look at *me*, and then complain.
You boast of tenderness, and mine is such,
I scream with pain upon the slightest
touch.
I grant some anguish you endure,
But how ecstasick is your *cure*!—

Two *bleeding hearts*, they say, have charms;
 'Tis not the case with *bleeding arms*;
 Bliss sympathetick would they know,
 If streamlets should for ever flow?
 When charming Chloe *feels your* pain,
 You instantly are well again:
 You drink in *cordials* from her eyes;
 Your bosom glows with sweet surprise;
 Your spirits mount above the skies.
 What is the cure the patient knows?
 A cure that robs him of repose;

With Spanish flies his bosom glows!
 The mildest cordials for his ills
 Are nauseous draughts and bitter pills.
 Intestine tumults often show
 His cure is wretchedness and wo.—
 And, when he feels his bowels move,
 'Tis not the sympathy of love.
 Thus if you grieve, lament, and sigh,
 And moan your fate, ah, well may I.

C.

PHILOSOPHICAL AND ECONOMICAL INTELLIGENCE.

EXTRACT OF OPIUM.

M. Parmentier has made publick a new method of preparing the extract of opium, far superiour to any other hitherto known. It takes from that substance the smell by which it is distinguished, and which is always in proportion to its malignant qualities. The manner of preparing twenty four ounces of opium is as follows: Macerate it in rain-water for five days; then boil it for a quarter of an hour with two pounds of pulverized charcoal; strain and clarify it with white of egg, and by a suitable evaporation you will obtain twelve ounces of extract.

ments, of preserving the air pure in large halls, theatres, hospitals, &c. The apparatus for this purpose is nothing but a common lamp, made according to Argand's construction, suspended from the roof of the hall and kept burning under a funnel, the tube of which rises above the roof without, and is furnished with a ventilator. For his first experiment he filled his large laboratory with the smoke of oak shavings. In a few minutes after he lighted his lamp the whole smoke disappeared, and the air was perfectly purified.

ARTIFICIAL MAGNET.

A German author has lately published a work in which he states a very curious fact. "A person" says he, "having an artificial magnet suspended from the wall of his study, with a piece of iron adhering to it, remarked, for several years, that the flies in the room, though they frequently placed themselves on other iron articles, never settled on the artificial magnet; and even that if any of these insects approached it, they in a moment again removed from it to some distance." "It is worth the trouble," says professor Voigt, who repeats the same circumstance in his journal, "to make further observations on this phenomenon; and, were it confirmed, magnetized iron might be employed to preserve it from being dirtied by flies. Perhaps it might be employed also for other purposes."

THE NUTMEG.

It is a fact which ought to be known to all housewives, that if they begin to grate a nutmeg at the stalk end, it will prove hollow throughout; whereas the same nutmeg, grated from the other end, would have proved sound and solid to the last. The centre of a nutmeg, consists of a number of fibres issuing from the stalk and its continuation, through the centre of the fruit, the other ends of which fibres, though closely surrounded and pressed by the fruit, do not adhere to it. When the stalk is grated away, those fibres having lost their hold, gradually drop out, and the nutmeg appears hollow; and as more of the stalk is grated away, others drop out in succession, and the hollow continues through the whole nut. By beginning at the contrary end, the fibres above mentioned are grated off at their core end, with the surrounding fruit, and do not drop out and cause a hole. Another circumstance worth knowing, is, that in consequence of the great value of the oil of nutmegs, it is often extracted from the nuts that are exposed to sale, by which they are rendered of very little value. To ascertain the quality of nutmegs, force a pin into them, and

PURE AIR.

Dr. Van Marum has discovered a very simple method, proved by repeated experi-

if good, however dry they may appear, the oil will be seen oozing out all round the pin, from the compression occasioned in the surrounding parts.

USE OF MOSS IN PACKING TREES.

The valuable application of the long, white moss of the marshes, to the packing of young trees for exportation, by Mr. William Curtis, of the Botanick Garden, Brompton, is done by squeezing out part of the moisture from the moss, and laying courses of it about three inches thick, interposed with other courses of the trees (shortened in their branches and roots) stratum above stratum, till the box is filled, when the whole must be trodden down, and the lid properly secured. The trees will want no further care during a voyage of six, seven, or twelve months, as the moss is wonderfully retentive of moisture, whilst its antiseptick quality prevents fermentation or putrefaction. In fact, vegetation proceeds even in this confined state, and blanched and tender shoots are formed, which must be gradually inured to the external light and air. This white moss is very common in most parts of Europe and America, which renders the application more easy, and the discovery more important.

The following recipes are in circulation on the continent, for the destruction of caterpillars, ants, and other insects:—Take about two pounds weight of black soap, the same quantity of flower of sulphur, two pounds weight of truffles, and 15 gallons of water; the whole must be well incorporated by the aid of a gentle warmth. Insects on which this water is sprinkled die immediately.—Query, is this liquor effectual in destroying that noisome vermin, the bug? If so, its composition cannot be made too extensively known; as we do not perceive that it is likely to damage bed-furniture, &c.

On the Revival of an obsolete Mode of managing Strawberries. By the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. K. B. P. R. S. &c.

[From the Transactions of the Horticultural Society, Vol. I. Part I.]

THE custom of laying straw under strawberry plants, when their fruit begins to swell, is, probably, very old in this

country. The name of the fruit bears testimony in favour of this conjecture; for the plant has no relation to straw in any other way, and no other European language applies the idea of straw in any shape to the name of the berry, or to the plant that bears it.

When sir Joseph Banks came to Spring Grove, in 1779, he found this practice in the garden. John Smith, the gardener, well known among his brethren as a man of more than ordinary abilities in the profession, had used it there many years. He learned it soon after he came to London from Scotland; probably at the Neat Houses, where he first worked among the market-gardeners. It is, therefore, clearly an old practice, though now almost obsolete. Its use in preserving a crop is very extensive. It shades the roots from the sun; prevents the waste of moisture by evaporation; and consequently, in dry times, when watering is necessary, makes a less quantity of water suffice than would be used if the sun could act immediately on the surface of the mould. Besides, it keeps the leaning fruit from resting on the earth, and gives the whole an air of neatness, as well as an effect of real cleanliness, which should never be wanting in a gentleman's garden. The strawberry-beds in that garden at Spring Grove, which has been measured for the purpose of ascertaining the expense incurred by this method of management, are about seventy five feet long and five feet wide, each containing three rows of plants, and of course requiring four rows of straw to be laid under them. The whole consists of 600 feet of beds, or 1,800 feet of strawberry plants, of different sorts, in rows.

The strawing of these beds consumed this year, 1806, the long straw of twenty six trusses: for the short straw, being as good for litter as the long straw, but less applicable to this use, is taken out. If we allow, then, on the original twenty six trusses, six for the short straw taken out and applied to other uses, twenty trusses will remain, which cost this year 10*d.* a truss, or 16*s.* 8*d.* being one penny for every nine feet of strawberries in rows. From this original expenditure the value of the manure made by the straw when taken from the beds must be deducted; as the whole of it goes undiminished to the dunghill as soon as the crop is over. The cost of this practice, therefore, cannot be considered as heavy. In the present year, not a single shower fell in Spring Grove, from the time the straw was laid down till the crop of scarlets was nearly finished, at the end of June. The expense

of strawing was, therefore, many times repaid, by the saving made in the labour of watering; and the profit of this saving was immediately brought to account in the increase of other crops, by the use of water spared from the strawberries; and besides, the berries themselves were, under this management, as fair, and nearly as large, as in ordinary years, but the general complaint of the gardeners this year was, that the scarlets did not reach half their natural size, and of course required twice as many to fill a pottle as would do it in a good year. In wet years, the straw is of less importance in this point of view; but in years moderately wet, the use of strawing sometimes makes watering wholly unnecessary, when gardeners who do not straw are under the necessity of resorting to it; and we all know, if watering is once begun, it cannot be left off till rain enough has fallen to give the ground a thorough soaking. Even in wet years, the straw does considerable service. Heavy rains never fail to dash up abundance of mould, and fix it upon the berries. This is entirely prevented, as well as the dirtiness of those berries that lean down upon the earth; so that the whole crop is kept pure and clean. No earthy taste will be observed in eating the fruit that has been strawed; and the cream which is sometimes soiled, when mixed with strawberries, by the dirt that adheres to them, especially in the early part of the season, will retain to the last drop that unsullied red and white which give almost as much satisfaction to the eye while we are eating it, as the taste of that most excellent mixture does to the palate.

MR. JOHN DAVENPORT [*Barlem*] has obtained a patent for a *Method of ornamenting all kinds of Glass, in Imitation of Engraving, &c. by Means of which any Designs, however elaborate, may be executed in a Style of Elegance hitherto unknown.*

The method heretofore known for engraving on glass, has been by means of a machine with wheels, of different substances, which have been employed with sand, &c. to grind off some parts of the surface of the glass which is to be engraved on, and then by means of grinding and polishing different parts on the rough surface, the different figures are formed according to the design given. By this invention, instead of grinding or taking off any part of the surface of the glass, the

patentee, lays on an additional surface or coating of glass, prepared for the purpose, which, when subjected to a proper degree of heat, will incorporate with the glass to be operated upon, so as to produce an effect similar to that which has hitherto been obtained by means of grinding. When it is required to ornament glass, then, previously to the heat being applied, with an etching or engraving tool such parts are to be taken out as will produce the required effect, and that in a much superiour way to the effect produced by the usual mode of grinding, polishing, &c. The materials used are to be melted in a crucible, or other pot, and they are to be made up in the same manner, as if used for the making of the best flint glass, broken glass, or as it is usually denominated, "cullitt" being the principal ingredient in it. Mr. D. gives several mixtures, of which the first is; 160 parts of cullitt; 10 of pearl ashes; 40 of red lead, 10 of arrence.

The second is; 120 parts of cullitt; 160 of red lead; 60 of sand; 60 of borax.

The third is; 70 parts of red lead; 22 1-2 of sand; 40 of calcined borax.

When these are subjected to such a heat, as to be thereby completely fused, he takes equal parts of each mixture, and grinds them to an impalpable powder, for the purpose of being mixed with a menstruum proper for coating the glass.

The menstruum consists of one part of double refined loaf sugar, dissolved in two parts of pure water; to which is added, at the time of mixing the powder, about one-third part of common writing ink. The effect, we are told, produced by this addition, is similar to that produced by the addition of oxyd of manganese, used in a small quantity by the glass makers, in making their best flint glass, because, without such an addition, the specimens would be of a cloudy or milky appearance. A quantity of this menstruum is used sufficient to render the ground mixture of a proper consistence for laying on with a thin, smooth surface. When the coating or mixture is thus prepared, the glass is to be coated by means of a camel's hair brush, or squirrel's foot, &c. It is then to be exposed to a heat sufficient to produce a semivitrification of the coated surface, and to incorporate it with the substance or body of glass, so coated. But the heat must not be carried higher than this, because in that case, a complete vitrification would ensue, and the desired effect of having a surface in imitation of the rough surface produced by grinding, would not be obtained. The article must, under such circum-

stances, be recoated, and submitted again to the fire. If after the coating has been applied, any borders, cyphers, or other ornaments, are wanted to be executed thereon, then previously to the heat being applied, with an etching or engraving tool, such parts of the coated surface must be chased out, as will produce the desired effect, after which the requisite degree of heat is to be applied.

This invention is not only applicable to all kinds of useful and ornamental articles of glass ware, on which the common methods of engraving have been practised, but may be applied to window-glass and plate-glass, of every description, in place of grinding, for the purpose of making window-blinds. It is also said to be peculiarly adapted to produce beautiful specimens of art, for the windows of altar-pieces, libraries, museums, coach-windows, and for the glass used in ornamental buildings of all descriptions. This invention has another advantage over the common method, by the work wearing much cleaner than the work of ground-glass; the surface of which being fractured by the action of the wheel, &c. is therefore liable to gather dirt on the rough, unpolished parts of the borders, &c.

TOBACCO.

A chymist at Paris has lately made several curious experiments on tobacco, which, if found to be correct, will occasion a great innovation in the trade and manufacture of that vegetable. His results were, that the acrid principle of tobacco differs from that of all other vegetables whose properties are known; that it can, by an easy process, be separated from the plant, either green or dried, and in a liquid state; and that the juice thus extracted may be combined with the dried leaves of any tree, and thus form tobacco. The remains of the plant, after the acrid principle is thus separated, have neither smell nor taste.

To Restore the Lustre of Glasses which are tarnished by age or accident.

Strow on them powdered fuller's earth, carefully cleared from sand, &c. and rub them with a linen cloth.

AROMATICK VINEGAR.

An ingenious gentleman, after justly observing that there are many insulated facts in chymistry, of which the publick remain for years without a knowledge, has published the following recipe.

Take of common vinegar any quantity, of powdered clalk, or common whitening with it to destroy the acidity, then let the white matter subside and pour off the insipid supernatant liquor; afterwards let the white powder be dried either in the open air or by a fire. When it is dry, pour upon it sulphurick acid [oil of vitriol] as long as white and acid fumes continue to ascend. Stone vessels are the properest to be used on this occasion, as the acid will not act upon them. This product is the acetick acid, known in the shops by the name of aromatick vinegar. Its simplicity and cheapness points it out as the most useful preparation for purifying the air of prisons, hospital ships, and even private houses when contaminated by any kind of contagion.

This acid in a liquid state may be best obtained from the apparatus of Nooth, and it must of course be collected in water.

ANCIENT SCULPTURE.

The Eugenian Museum, at Milan, has lately been enriched with eight new pieces, discovered in the excavations at Aquilegi, consisting of a group of two busts in marble, remarkable for the elegance of their drapery; a statue without a head, likewise of marble; an arm adorned with bracelets, the hand holding an instrument that was employed in sacrifices; the upper extremity of a cippus, several sepulchral caskets of lead; a stone inkstand; and several sarcophagi.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

☞ COMMUNICATIONS for this head, from authors and booksellers, post paid, will be inserted free of expense. Literary advertisements will be printed upon the covers at the usual price.

Articles of literary intelligence, inserted by the booksellers in the UNITED STATES' GAZETTE, will be copied into this Magazine without further order.

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By Edward Earle, & B. B. Hopkins & Co. Philadelphia,

Republished—The Memoirs of Frederick and Margaret Klopstock, translated from the German. By Miss Smith. Price \$1 25.

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Also, price 50 cents, or \$5 a dozen—A School Book, entitled The Child's Monitor; or Parental Instruction. By John Hornsey, author of "A Short Grammar of the English Language," &c. The first American edition, corrected and improved.

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elude the pursuit of the British troops commanded by general Tryon. To which are annexed two Poems; an address to the armies of the United States, and a Poem on the happiness of America. By col. D. Humphreys, aid-de-camp to Gen. Washington during the Revolutionary War. Price one Dollar.

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Republished—The Edinburgh Review; or, Critical Journal. No. 29. October 1809. To be continued Quarterly. Price to subscribers 1 dollar 25 cents.

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The Favourite Village, with an additional Poem never before published, by the late poetry Professor of Oxford, Dr. Hurd, will be published in a few weeks.

Travels through the States of the Empire of Morocco in the year 1806, By Dr. Buffa, Physician to the Forces, will be published very shortly in an octavo volume. His correspondence with that court, relative to the Interests of Great Britain, including a Letter from the Emperour of Morocco himself to the King of Great Britain is prefixed to it.

A Translation of M. de Luc's Travels in the North of Europe, will appear in the course of a few weeks.

Mr. Ticken intends to publish a Historical Atlas, ancient and modern, to consist of six select charts.

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